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'75

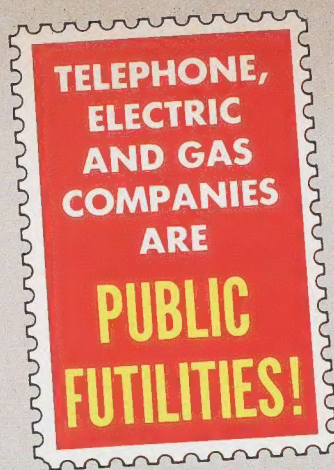
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—Alfred E. Neuman

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GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI,

DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT

The Lighter Side Of Graduation 26

BUGS FUNNIES DEPARTMENT

Headlines Of The Insect World 38

"CON" TESTS DEPARTMENT

Talent Evaluation Ads For Other Career Training Programs . . 31

CRASHING BORE DEPARTMENT

"Airplot '75" (A MAD Movie Satire) 4

DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT

Don Martin Escapes From Prison...Almost 12

FLOAT SOME AND JETTISON SOME DEPARTMENT

A MAD Look At Burial At Sea 36

FRIGHT INSTRUCTORS DEPARTMENT

"In Case Of Emergency" Cards For Special People 11

LETTERS DEPARTMENT

Random Samplings Of Reader Mail 2

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEECH DEPARTMENT

The MAD Handbook Of Houseguesting 19

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT

"Drawn-Out Dramas" By Aragonés **

ODDS FOR THE LOVE OF MOOLA DEPARTMENT

Other Betting Pools 34

REMAINDERS TO BE SEEN DEPARTMENT

Publishers Close-Out Sale 48

REYNOLDS' RAP DEPARTMENT

"The Longest Yardbird" (Another MAD Movie Satire) 41

SHOE BIZ DEPARTMENT

Footnotes To Hollywood 24

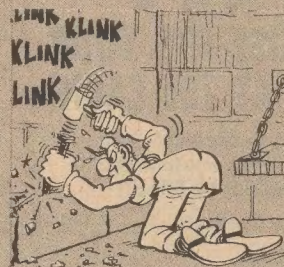
TRUE TO FORM DEPARTMENT

Appropriate Photo Corps 16

**Various Places Around The Magazine

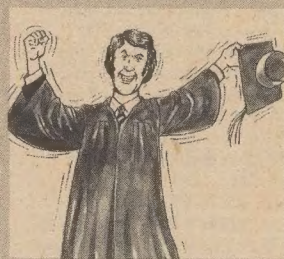
VITAL FEATURES

"AIRPLOT
'75"
(MOVIE
SATIRE)
Pg. 4



DON MARTIN
ESCAPES FROM
PRISON ...
ALMOST
Pg. 12

THE MAD
HANDBOOK
OF HOUSE-
GUESTING
Pg. 19



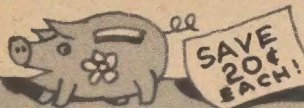
THE
LIGHTER
SIDE OF
GRADUATION
Pg. 26

HEADLINES
OF THE
INSECT
WORLD
Pg. 38



"THE LONGEST
YARDBIRD"
(ANOTHER
MOVIE SATIRE)
Pg. 41

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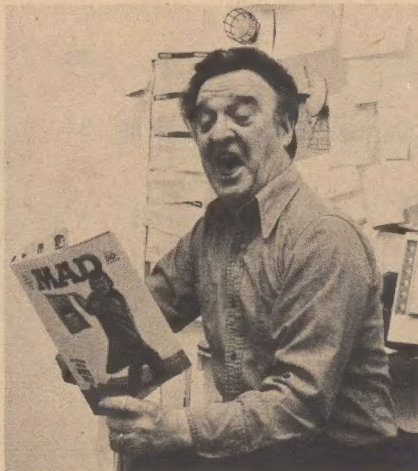
DEATH WISHERS

Stan Hart's pacing of "Death Wish-
ers" is masterful and frighteningly
thought-provoking! It's tough to laugh so
much when you're envisioning having
your windpipe squeezed. Choke!

Jack Borgen
Baldwin, N.Y.

Having played the role of Chief of
Detectives Frank Ochoa in "Death Wish,"
I was delighted with my appearance in
the MAD version, "Death Wishers."
Your satire was terrific, very funny and
very true! Congratulations!

Vincent Gardenia
New York, N.Y.



Vincent Gardenia Enjoys His
Appearance In "Death Wishers"

Thank you so much for "Death Wish-
ers," Stan Hart and Mort Drucker. I never
ride the subways without carrying your
Bronson cover issue to repel muggers. It's
reassuring how safe MAD has made me
feel!

J. S. Genn
New York, N.Y.

HIGHWAY SAFETY COMMENDATION

I'm sure many readers have told you
how your magazine provides them with
an oasis of humor and innocent sarcasm
in an all-too-serious world. While I wish
to extend thanks for the humorous as-
pects of MAD, I commend you for the
clever and serious message about drink-
ing drivers on the inside back cover of
the March, 1975, issue. Those of us in the
Traffic Safety field can use all the public
influence possible, and I know your efforts
are most effective.

Lance C. Clem
Public Information
Division of Highway Safety
Denver, Colo.

THE TOMMY-RED SEED

Dick De Bartolo and Angelo Torres
are to be admired for their gentle treat-
ment of Julie Andrews in "The Tama-
rind Seed"! Hopefully, it'll help her laugh
it off, too!

Connie Ives
Hammond, Ind.

Dick De Bartolo should have had a
hand in the original screenplay. It could
have been a good comedy, instead of a
farce, with his touch. The appropriate
ending of "The Tommy-Red Seed" served
to remind us that Julie Andrews gave us
the very fine "Mary Poppins," "The
Americanization Of Emily," and "The
Sound Of Music" before *this* unfortunate
venture.

Kathleen McCarter
Pasadena, Calif.

GOOD NEWS—BAD NEWS

"Good News" is going to the store to
find the latest MAD has disappeared from
the racks. "Bad News" is finding it cov-
ered up by Today's Health!

Leonard B. Gray
Niantic, Conn.

"Good News" is your mother throws
out your new MAD. "Bad News" is your
little brother rummages through garbage
cans. "Good News" is your father throws
out the coffee grounds-stained MAD
again, just as the garbagemen make the
pickup. "Bad News" is the garbagemen
by-pass your house!

Mary Ann Stroud
Deer Park, N.Y.

A MAD LOOK AT THE MILITARY

Thought your "Mad Look At The Mili-
tary" was really explosive!

Michael McAllister
Williston Park, N.Y.

Arnoldo Franchioni really shows the
"Military" as overgrown children, play-
ing with very dangerous toys and very
precious lives!

Faith Bernstein
Yonkers, N.Y.

"They" want us to throw skillions of
loot into Cambodia and we're taking a
left to the family budget and a knockout
blow to the stomach, here at home! Why
were you so *easy* on the "Military"?

Felicia Harkness
Potomac, Md.

IT ALMOST RESTORES YOUR FAITH

"It Almost Restores Your Faith When
..." you buy a MAD magazine, doubting
you'll find something intelligent in it, and
you don't!

Ron Verderame
West Haven, Conn.

"It Almost Restores Your Faith When
..." your mother starts reading MAD
and stops throwing it out!

John Marshall
North Tarrytown, N.Y.

MARTIN'S YOUNG DOCTOR FREEN

Don Martin's "Young Doctor Freen"
might be a throwback to *his* being
launched from the Delivery Room!

Tom Pritchard
Ocean Grove, N.J.

SECOND COLLECTION OF THIN BOOKS

Arnie Kogen's "A Second MAD Collection Of Extremely Thin Books" should have included "Really Creative Article Ideas For MAD by Arnie Kogen, Repeated Even Thinner"!

Michael Maddox
Chase, Md.

I enjoyed #174 until I came to your "Second MAD Collection Of Extremely Thin Books." The Osmond Brothers have contributed a lot more to music than your magazine contributed to humor!

Mary Kate Mulkeen
Oceanside, N.Y.

THE SILENCERS

You have repeatedly surpassed your previous efforts re your anti-smoking graphics, but the brilliant "The Silencers" back cover is really loaded!

Tom Henry
Bronx, N.Y.

Perhaps an even more appropriate title would be "The Smoking Gun"!

Lino Lipinsky, Jr.
Katonah, N.Y.

"The Silencers" convinced me to bite the bullet!

Fawn Carroll
Merced, Calif.

ADDITIONS TO THE DICTIONARY

How about some "Additions To The Dictionary" that are all based on MAD-men?

Richard Mattersdorff
Camp Springs, Md.

Editor's Note: Due to the above request, Frank Jacobs has gone to absolutely no effort to give us "Additions" derived from MAD people:

aragones (ä-rä-gō-nūs) n.: a marginal error.

jaffee (jāf-ē) adj.: folded in; squashed beyond recognition.

martin (mä-r-fīn) adj.: describing one with hinged feet.

martin interj.: vreep, sklortch, thwoom.
drucker (drük-ēr) n.: a distorted image. (We looked for Charles Bronson but could only find a drucker.)

kogen (kō-gūn) v.i.: to suffer from a gag reflex. (We read the satire and we kogened.) syn. siegel, hart, silverstone, de bartolo.

prohias (prō-hē-ús) v.t.: to double-cross. (I've been prohiased again by that white spy!) or (I've been prohiased again by that black spy!)

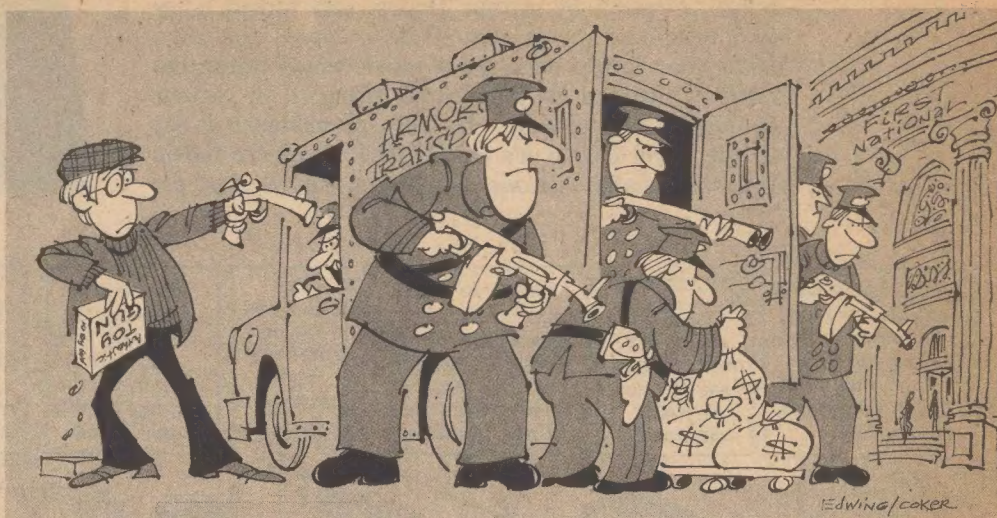
Re "Additions To The Dictionary," you omitted one:

jacobs (jā-cūbz) ad.: to induce vomiting. syn. repulsive, disgusting, sickening. (MAD articles can be very jacobs.)

Marc Hankin
Purchase, N.Y.

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FINAL SALE!

Every year around now, we run this pitch for our full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me-Worry? Kid, hoping we can make a sale when your resistance is low, mainly when you're studying for Final Exams! So here we go, putting you to the test: They're suitable for framing or for wrapping fish! Send 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, \$1.55 for 9, \$3.15 for 27 or \$6.35 for 81 to ... MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. (Remember ... pass this offer and we fail again!)



CRASHING BORE DEPT.

A few years back, Hollywood took the best-selling book "Airport" by Arthur Hailey, and turned it into a mediocre movie that made *millions!* Recently, Hollywood turned out a *NEW* movie which carries the credit: "Inspired By The Novel 'Airport' by Arthur Hailey." Unfortunately, the *only* resemblance it has to the novel is that it's *ANOTHER* mediocre movie that will make *millions!* So here's our version of:

AIR

I was hoping we'd get together for a couple of hours before you fly on to L.A., Mudrock! I've got something on my mind ...

What I've got on MY mind, Naggy, we can do in HALF an hour!

I want to talk!
Now wait a minute! TALK?!? I've got to draw the line somewhere! Think of my reputation!

You promised me **no more one night stands!**

And I'll keep my promise! When you join me in L.A. tomorrow, I'll arrange a **TWO** night stand!

Sister Beardless, who is the person that they're making such a fuss over?

THAT ... Sister Cooth ... is one of those **Hollywood "Yecchies"!**

Come now, Sister Beardless! You're just saying that because you were turned down for a part in "The Sound Of Music"!

HUGE AIRPORT WAITING ROOM

GATE 7

CARRY-ON LUGGAGE

BAGGAGE

MORT DRUCKER

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

Yes, Doctor! I **UNDERSTAND** it's extremely critical that our flight to Los Angeles isn't delayed!

I hope you realize how truly critical it is! The little girl on her way to you now is going to L.A. for a heart-transplant! And right now, she's traveling **HEARTLESS!**

We're quite used to that sort of thing, Doctor! Why ... the **entire Baggage Handling Crew** of this airline is totally **heartless!**

Hey, baby! You've got some set of landing lights!

And your tail structure isn't bad, either! **Ma-rone!!**

Are the Air Crew members always this sex crazy!

No ... only the **MARRIED** guys! The **SINGLE** guys don't even **LIKE** girls!

GATE

10

PLOT '75

Say . . . isn't that Helen Reddy, the Singer?!

Well, it certainly isn't Helen Reddy, the **ACTRESS!!** I think they made her a Nun so the Audience would have mercy on her!

Miss Swansong, what is the secret of your eternal youth?

I only eat good, healthy, tasty appealing meals!

Well . . . she's certainly going to starve on **THIS** flight!

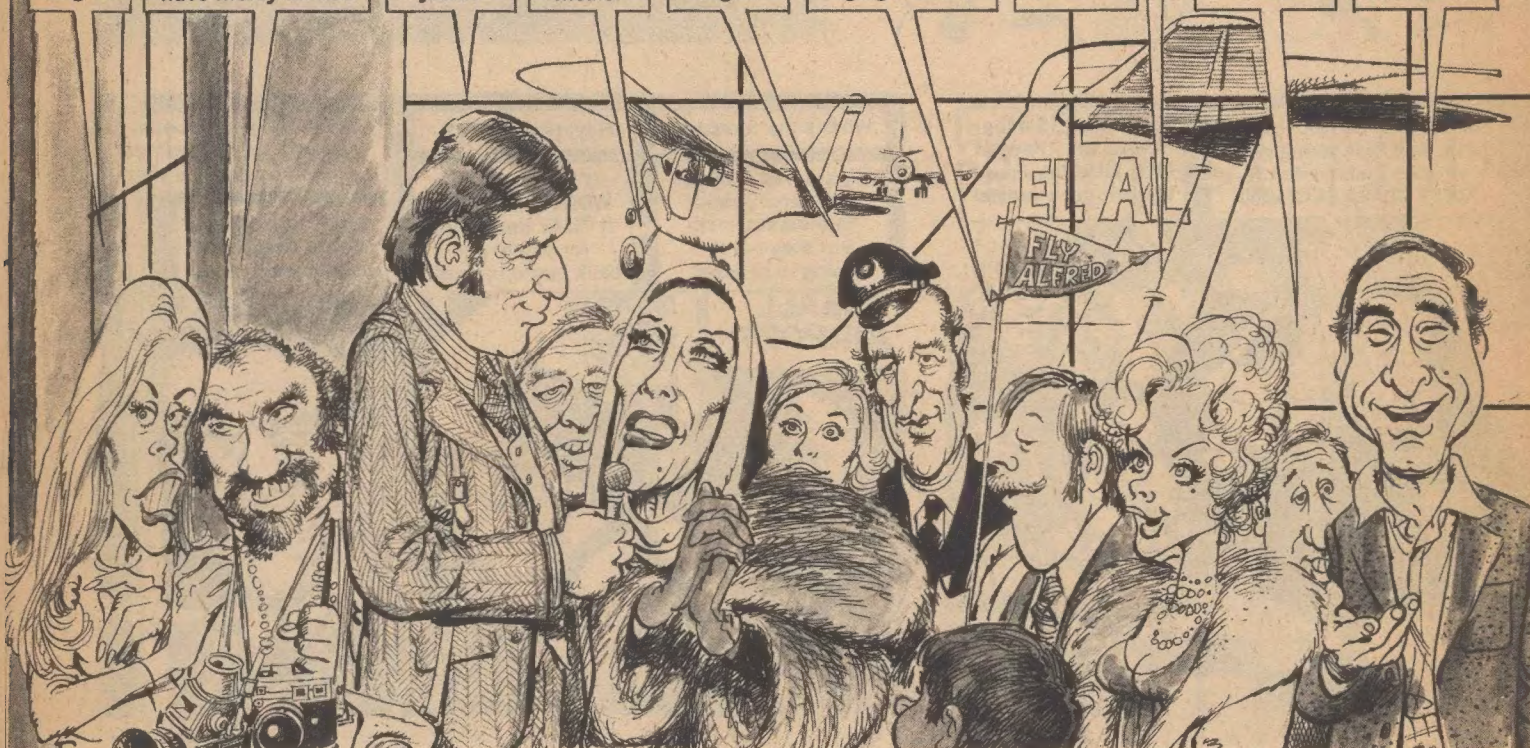
That's Gloria Swansong! She can still play a convincing movie role even though she's an aging actress!

Really?! What kind of role does she play in this movie?

An aging actress!

Why, **SID CAESAR!!** What are **YOU** doing in a dramatic movie?!!?

WHAT dramatic movie?!? This is the funniest movie I've ever made!



WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Hello, Mrs. Baloney! What are **YOU** doing on the Redeye Special?

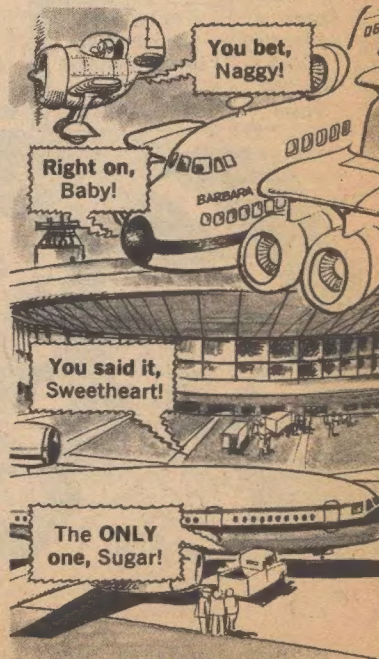
Since my husband is an Executive on this Airline, what better way to generate drama than to plant his wife and child on a doomed 747 flight?!

We've patched in a personal call for you, Naggy! Now remember . . . you're talking on the regular air channel!

Hi, Naggy! I know you're boarding a couple of hundred passengers . . . and getting ready for the take-off, so I figured you'd have some free time!

I just want to say I'm sorry I was so hostile back there!

Thanks, Honey! You **KNOW** you're the only man in my life!



You bet, Naggy!

Right on, Baby!

You said it, Sweetheart!

The **ONLY** one, Sugar!

Stewardess, I don't like to complain, but isn't it against the rules for a passenger to bring a dog aboard an aircraft?

Yes, but it doesn't apply in this case! See, it was the **DOG** who brought the **LADY** aboard the aircraft!

You look nervous! Well, **DON'T** be! I've flown dozens of times, and I've only been in seven serious aircrashes! One time, a bomb—

Please, I . . . Oh, you want to get up . . . ? Here, let me help you undo your seatbelt!

But I— It's no trouble! See? It opens easily!

But my seatbelt **WAS** unfastened! You just unbuckled my **PANTS**!



Look, Sister Cooth! They're bringing that young girl with the guitar into the **FIRST CLASS** SECTION!

Gee, there **IS** a big difference! They get **LIVE** Entertainment! We just get a movie!

What's the forecast?

Hey, that's great!

I'm afraid so! The man I have to see only comes by my house once a year!

High winds . . . poor visibility . . . and thunderstorms!! But they say it's going to change!

It's going to get **WORSE**! Listen, is it **THAT** important for you to get back home tonight?

Gee, I don't think Santa Claus will mind if you're late!

SMALL AIRPORT



I'm Sister Cooth, a sickeningly sweet Singing Nun!

I'm Janecch, a sickeningly sweet teenage girl with a big problem!

I know! I saw your last movie! So if you feel airsick on this flight, do me a favor and barf the other way! I can't stand green . . . you know!

What a lovely guitar! May I play it and sing you a song?

Oh, we're all gonna die
And go to hell one day . . .
Yes, the Devil's gonna come
And take you away . . .

Why, Sister Cooth! You certainly use your singing talent and your religious beliefs to cheer up people, don't you?

Yes . . . and I also use them to sneak into First Class with an "Economy" Ticket!



Columbia 904—
this is the Los
Angeles Control
Tower! We're
afraid you just
can't land here!

All fogged in?!!

Oh, no! It's perfectly clear
here! There's 100% visibility!
But you know those Jumbo Jets
only REALLY perform under
adverse conditions! So why
don't you head out toward
... say ... Salt Lake City ...
and hope it's crappy there!!

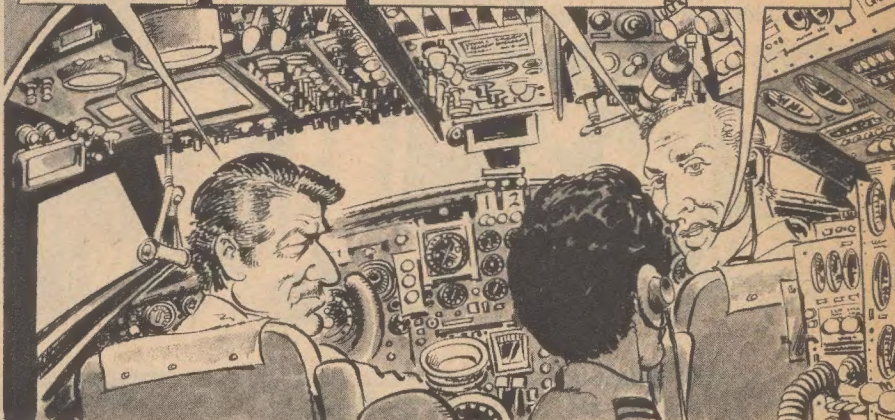


Gee, I hope
you two guys
can still
score tonight,
since we had
to change our
flight plan!

That's no
problem,
Captain!
We'll make
out! I can
guarantee
it!

Hey, Jigolo! How come—no
matter where we go—you
still manage to have girls
meet us at the Airport! Do
you know broads in EVERY
Airport Town in America?!!

No, I only
know TWO
girls! But
they travel
in the Cargo
Hold of every
plane I'm on!



Hello,
Boise
Airport!
What's the
weather
like there?

Very bad!
You'll
have to
go on to
Salt Lake
City
Airport!

How
will
I find
Salt
Lake
City
Airport?

You can't
miss it!!
You'll know
you're there
as soon as
you run into
a big 747
Jumbo Jet!



This is the Captain speaking!
I have good news and bad news!
Bad news is: We're not going
to Los Angeles as planned ...
we're going to Salt Lake City!
Good news is: We anticipated
this, and we managed to put
your luggage on a different
flight! So your luggage will
be going to Los Angeles!!



Salt Lake
Control—
this is
Columbia
904 ...
making
its final
approach!

Okay, Columbia 904!
Hey, Captain, can
I ask a question?
If we're all in a
Universal Picture,
how come you're a
Columbia airliner?

It's our
sneaky way
of putting
the blame
for this
bomb on
somebody
else!



Salt Lake
Control
Tower ...
I'm not
feeling
very well!
May I have
permission
to land?

Sorry,
but a
Columbia
Jumbo
Jet
has to
land
first!

Then may
I have
permission
to have a
heart attack
and lose
control of
the plane?

Permission
granted!

Boy, you
sure do
everything
by the
Rule Book,
don't you?



Uggh! I'm dying! I'm dying!

Which isn't hard to do in
this movie! And now ... with
the entire sky at my disposal
... watch what happens ... !



Okay, Crew!
Prepare
for a
landing!
Somebody
get out the
Instruction
Manual!

Good Lord! Look, Captain!
A small plane ... coming
right at us! We're closing
at a speed of 450 miles an
hour! What should we do?!!

Quick! Blow the horn!
Step on the brakes!!



Ladies and Gentlemen . . . I am happy to report that we have **LANDED**— on top of a plane!!

While we're finding out what kind of trouble we're in, we suggest you read the card in the seat pocket in front of you, which is all about how to die in an airplane crash!

Oh, my God! What happened???

I—I'm not sure! I was out sick the day they taught us about this sort of thing in Flight School!

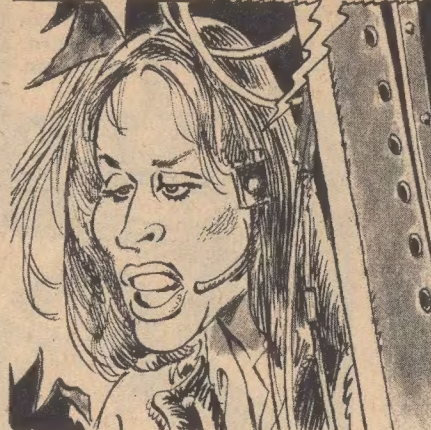
Salt Lake Tower, this is Naggy— Stewardess on Columbia 904 . . . I'm—I'm flying the plane!!

Oh, c'mon now! Women's Lib or NO Women's Lib, Naggy . . . this is absolutely ridiculous!

The Crew is dead . . . the Captain is hurt real bad . . . I don't understand any of these instruments . . . I'm scared stiff . . . and I don't even know what I'm doing!

You sound like a seasoned Pilot, Naggy! Now, do you have your Auto-Pilot on?

No . . . just my uniform!



Describe the damage, Naggy . . .

It's real BAD!

Well, now that we have something to go on, we can help you! So . . . do me a favor! Don't leave the plane till I get back to you!

Hello, Mudrock . . . Flight 904 is in terrible trouble

Your sweetheart, Naggy, is flying it all by herself!

There is no such thing as a 747 Jumbo Jet being in terrible trouble!

Flight 904 is in terrible trouble! Let's get out there!

Er—Stewardess Naggy has asked me to say something to reassure all you passengers! The Captain is gravely injured, the rest of the Crew is dead, an inexperienced girl is flying the plane, and I'm not talking to you on the intercom because that went dead when we had our mid-air crash and most of the controls were ripped out . . .

BUT . . . the bathrooms are all working!!



Naggy, we're on our way to bring you help! I just wanted to tell you you're doing a fantastic job!

But I haven't **DONE** anything, yet!

That's why you're doing a fantastic job, Sweetheart! Now, listen to me, Honey! I'm going to give you some instructions, and you have to do exactly what I say!

Oh, that's groovie! But . . . shouldn't I get **UNDRESSED** first?

No, Dear, this is different! Now, I want you to bring the nose of the plane up a little higher . . .

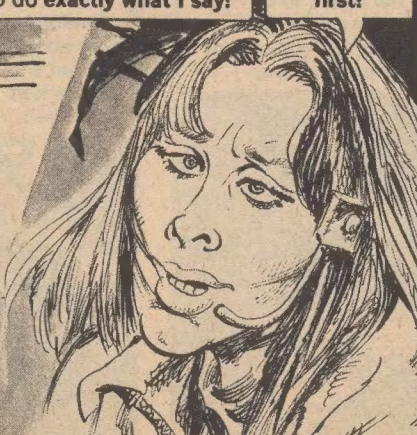
Ease back on the wheel ever so slightly!

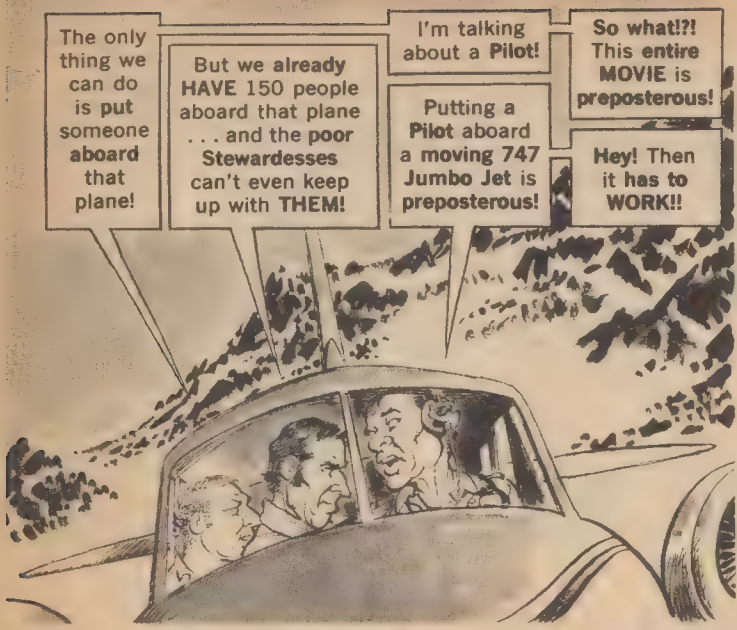
Okay! I'm doing it!

Now, you see the little airplane on the big dial there? What is it doing?

It's flying upside-down!

Er, you eased just a little **TOO FAR** back on the wheel, Dear!





The only thing we can do is put someone aboard that plane!

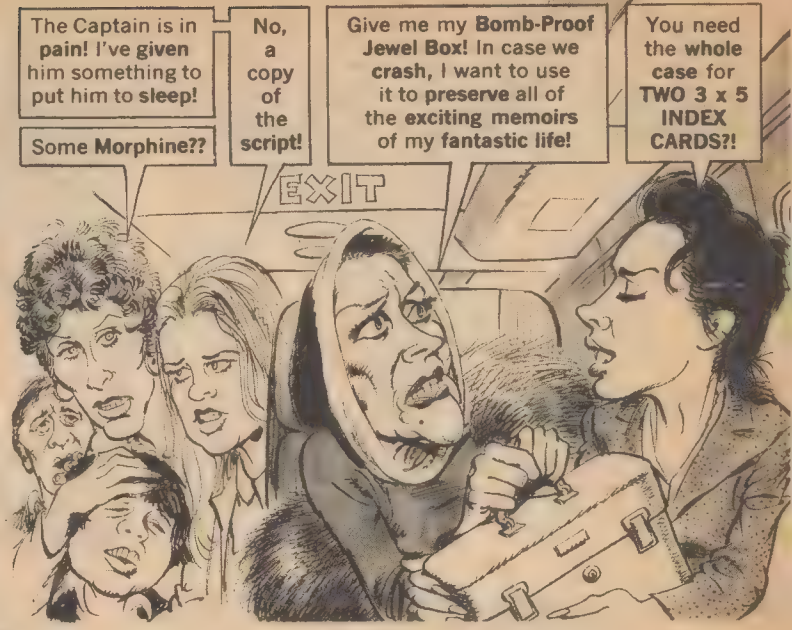
But we already HAVE 150 people aboard that plane ... and the poor Stewardesses can't even keep up with THEM!

I'm talking about a Pilot!

Putting a Pilot aboard a moving 747 Jumbo Jet is preposterous!

So what?! This entire MOVIE is preposterous!

Hey! Then it has to WORK!!



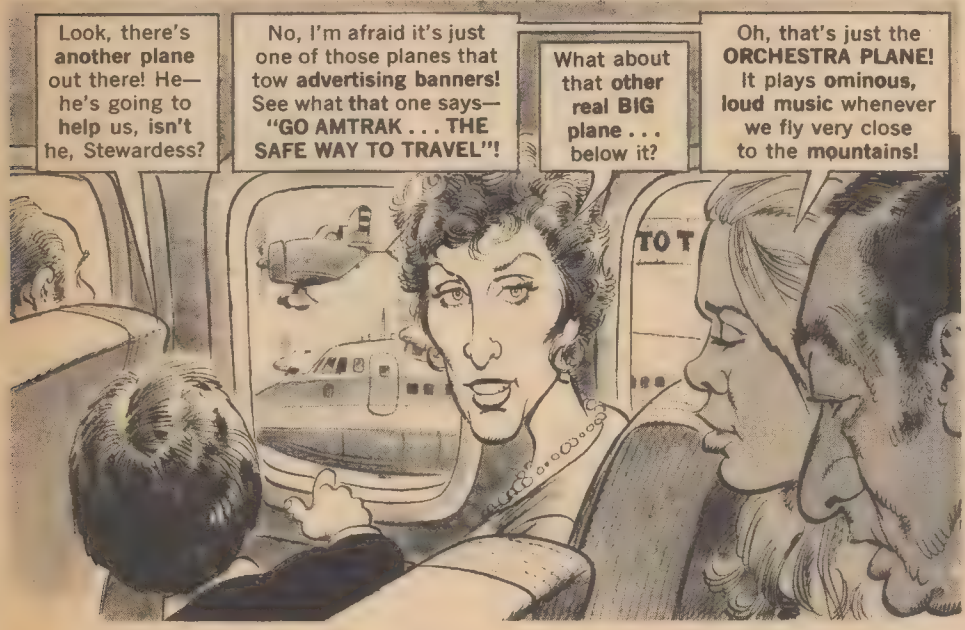
The Captain is in pain! I've given him something to put him to sleep!

Some Morphine??

No, a copy of the script!

Give me my Bomb-Proof Jewel Box! In case we crash, I want to use it to preserve all of the exciting memoirs of my fantastic life!

You need the whole case for TWO 3 x 5 INDEX CARDS?!

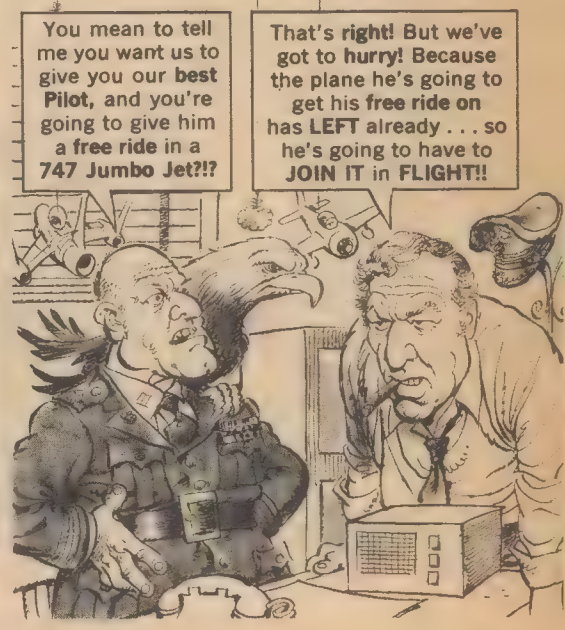


Look, there's another plane out there! He—he's going to help us, isn't he, Stewardess?

No, I'm afraid it's just one of those planes that tow advertising banners! See what that one says—**"GO AMTRAK ... THE SAFE WAY TO TRAVEL!"**

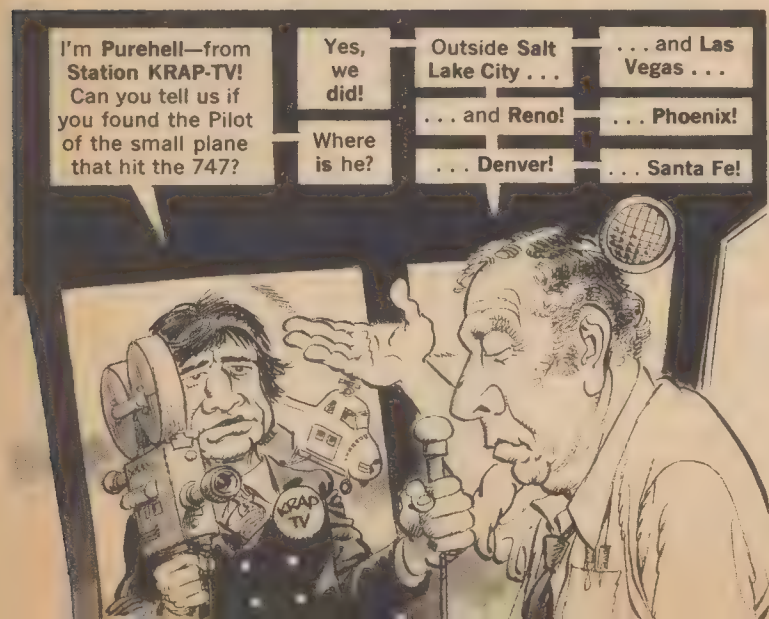
What about that other real BIG plane ... below it?

Oh, that's just the **ORCHESTRA PLANE!** It plays ominous, loud music whenever we fly very close to the mountains!



You mean to tell me you want us to give you our best Pilot, and you're going to give him a free ride in a 747 Jumbo Jet?!

That's right! But we've got to hurry! Because the plane he's going to get his free ride on has LEFT already ... so he's going to have to JOIN IT IN FLIGHT!!



I'm Purehell—from Station KRAP-TV! Can you tell us if you found the Pilot of the small plane that hit the 747?

Yes, we did!

Where is he?

Outside Salt Lake City ...

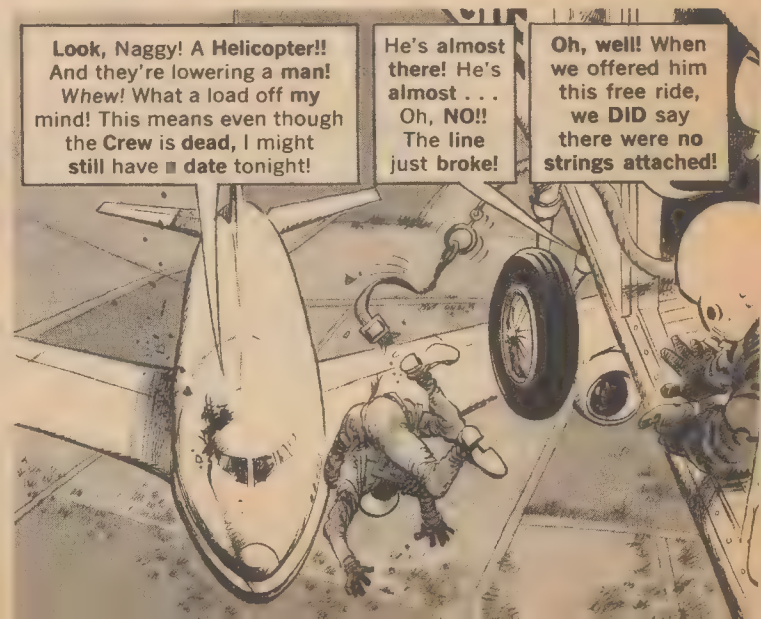
... and Reno!

... Denver!

... and Las Vegas ...

... Phoenix!

... Santa Fe!



Look, Naggy! A Helicopter!! And they're lowering a man! Whew! What a load off my mind! This means even though the Crew is dead, I might still have a date tonight!

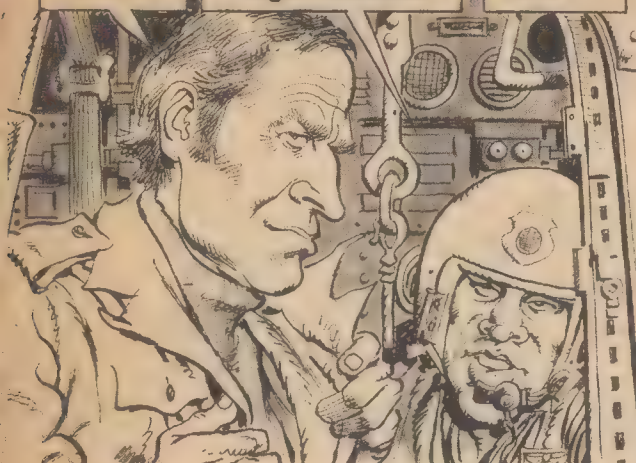
He's almost there! He's almost ... Oh, NO!! The line just broke!

Oh, well! When we offered him this free ride, we DID say there were no strings attached!

Get me into that rig... and lower ME down! I'm going to do it!

What makes you think YOU can do it, when Colonel Loss couldn't? He won a medal for Flight Excellence!!

But I won an OSCAR for "Ben Hur"! Lower away...



Hi, there, Naggy, Baby! It's ME!!

Sure! And it's just LIKE you to drop in from out of the blue without even the courtesy of a phone call! You're lucky I was IN!!

My God! Where are all the Control Panels?!!

Where do you think?? When I saw that I was having COMPANY, I had to straighten up a bit, didn't I? So... I just THREW THEM OUT!!



Oh, Damn!

Engine Three is acting badly!

So?? Why should Engine Three be any DIFFERENT from anyone else in this movie?!!

Tell the passengers I'm stopping the engine, but don't alarm them!

What's wrong, Mudrock?



Folks, Captain Mudrock is now flying our 747! Everything is peachy-keen! However, Engine Three is running just a teensy-weensy bit hot and if it ever ignites the gas from that sneaky leak, we'll all be blown into itty-bitties!

SHE'S even BETTER at calming us down than that OTHER girl!!



I've LANDED this thing... but I can't get it to STOP! That's the trouble with big jets! You can't drag your FOOT on the runway the way we used to stop the 707's!



Wow! No instruments, no brakes, one engine out, and Mudrock makes the BEST LANDING of his career as a Pilot!

Come on... let's go... down the Emergency Chutes! Quickly... Let's get a MOVE on!!

Tell me, Miss... if we've landed safely, and there's no fire, how come we're all running like idiots??

To escape the CRITICS! Run!! Hurry! Get away... before they recognize you!!

Quick, Mudrock! The left wing just broke off a DC-10 and we want you to weld on a new one—in flight!

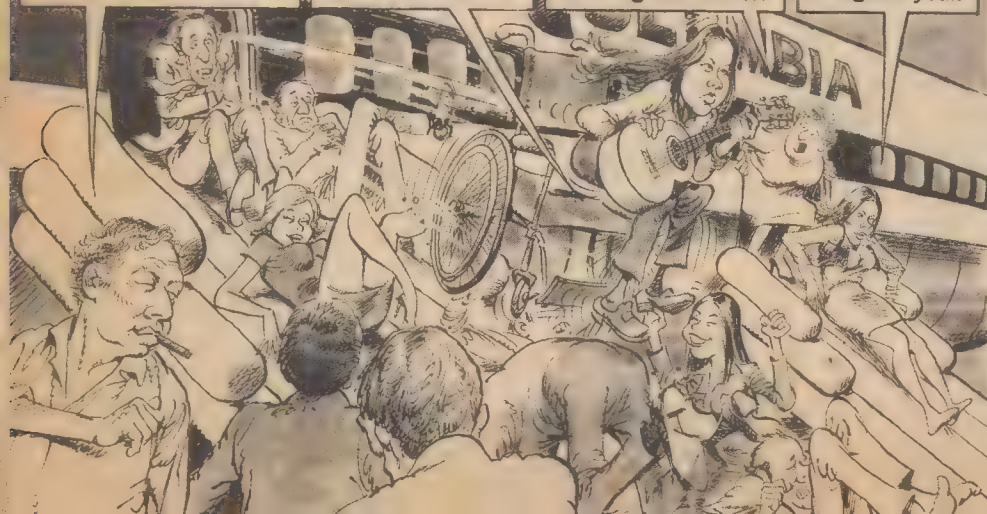
That's REALLY preposterous!

What's the matter? You got a thing against making a third \$25 million?!

You mean?

That's right!

How does "Airplot '76" sound to you?!!



FRIGHT INSTRUCTORS DEPT.

**I am a Roman Catholic.
In case of accident,
please call a priest.**

In the event they are hit by a passing car or incapacitated by a passing mugger, many people carry special cards, like the one at the left. These cards bear vital information, which can be of great help to the people who come across the body. And now—with this necessary, but thoroughly dull, introduction out of the way, let us herewith present a random selection of

IN-CASE-OF-EMERGENCY CARDS for Special People

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

*I am a Jewish Mother.
In case of stroke, nervous
collapse or, God forbid, pains
in my chest, call my son
and tell him it is
much worse than it looks.*

*I am Harold Pemberton, who,
until a recent operation, used
to be known as Harriet Pemberton.
In case of serious injury,
tell the doctor not to be too
surprised at what he finds.*

*I am a masochist.
In case of accident, please
don't call anyone. Just let me
lie back and enjoy it.*

***I am a Mafia Don.
In case of sudden accident,
call my Capo and tell him
to rub out "Legs" Fazio.***

*I am a Garment Center Executive.
In case of mortal accident,
phone my partner, Sol,
and tell him I'll be
watching him from Up There.*

*I am a physical coward.
In case of accident,
please tell me my
wounds are superficial.*

*I am a lawyer.
Should I be hospitalized and
fail to pull through,
institute a suit for malpractice.*

*I am the leader of a
spiritualist cult. In case of
death, notify my followers to
expect me at their next seance.*

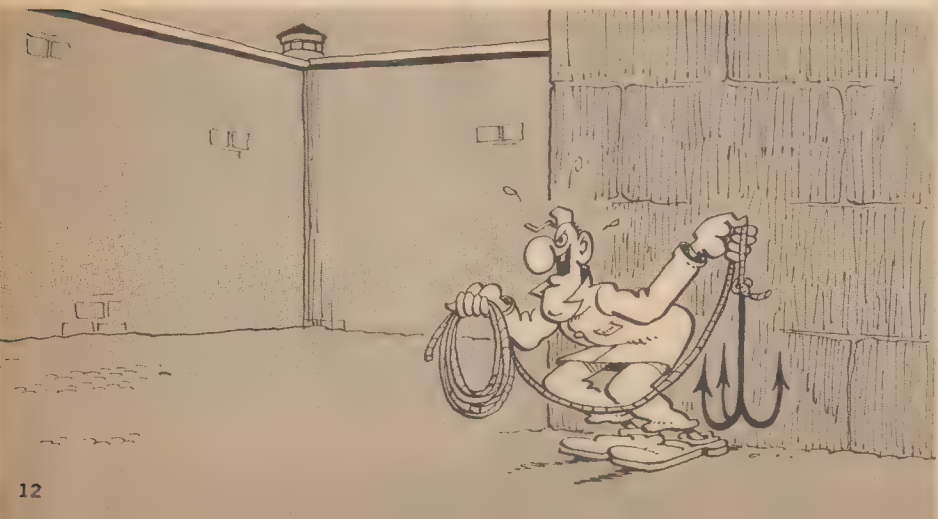
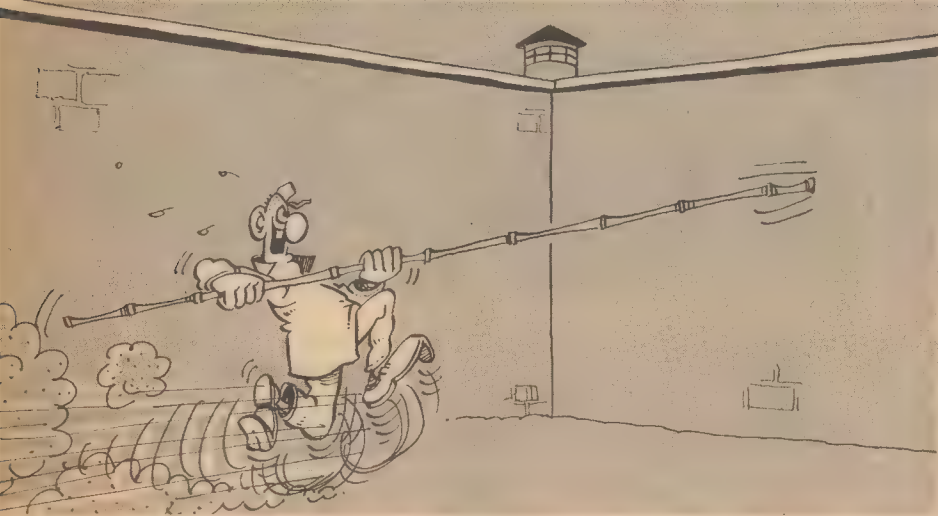
*I am a Christian Scientist.
In case of illness,
it's just your imagination.*

*I am a neurotic beset by traumas
dating back to my childhood.
In case of death, call up
my father and tell him
I forgive him.*

*I am Billy Smithers,
AGE 5. IN CASE OF
ACCIDENT, PLEASE
GIVE THE FROG IN MY
POCKET A GOOD HOME*

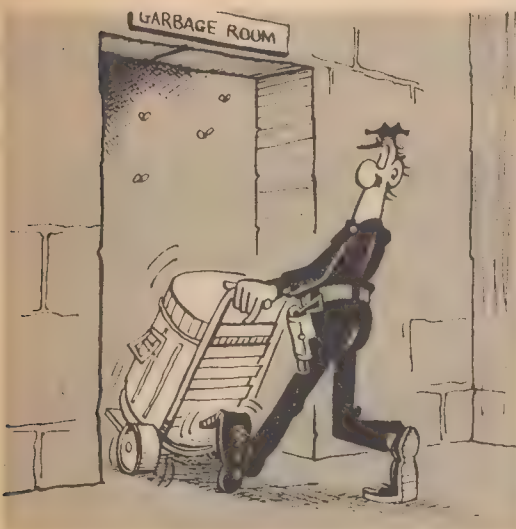
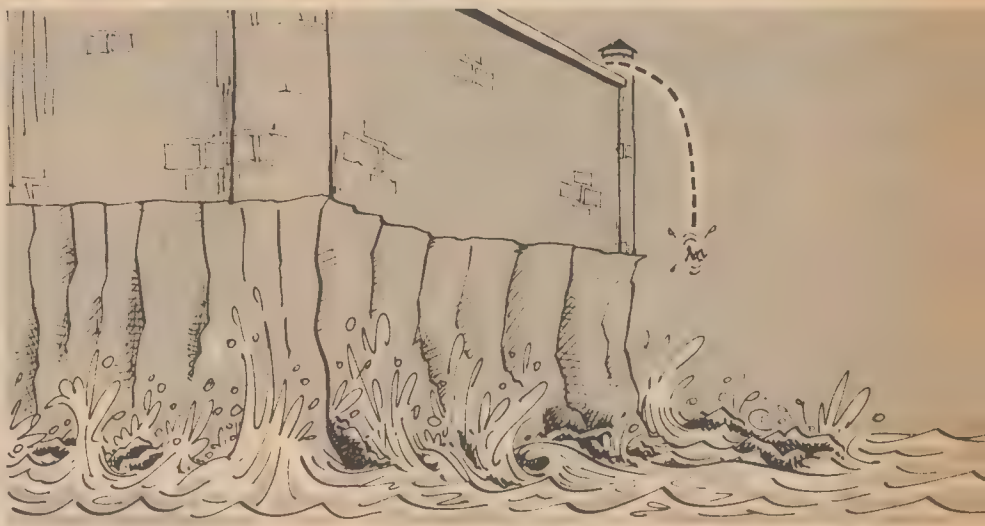
I AM A VAMPIRE
*In case of accident, my
blood types are A, O, AB, X,
RH Negative & RH Positive.*

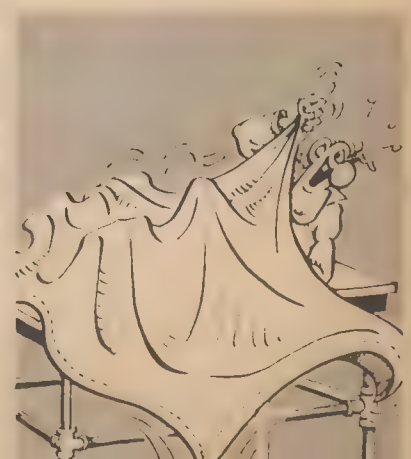
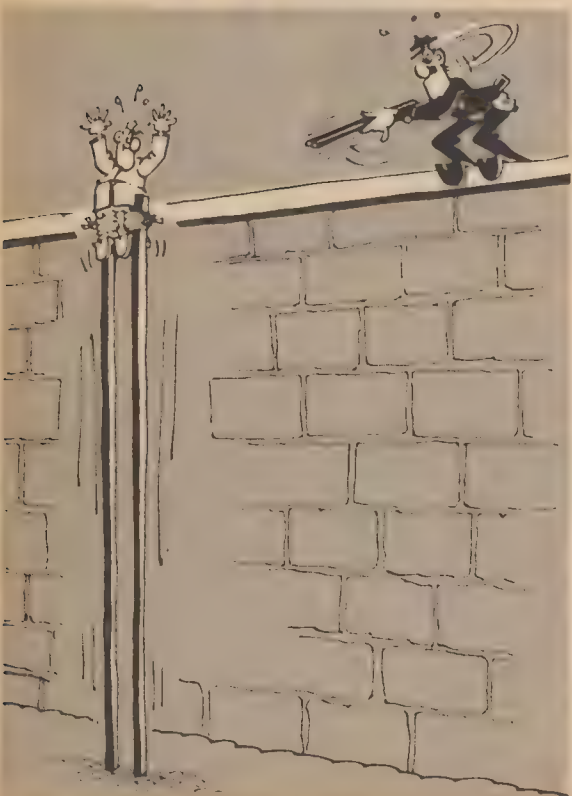
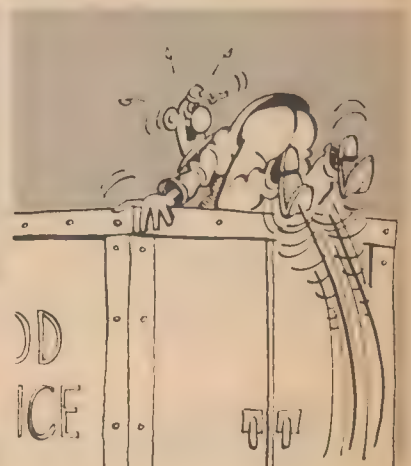
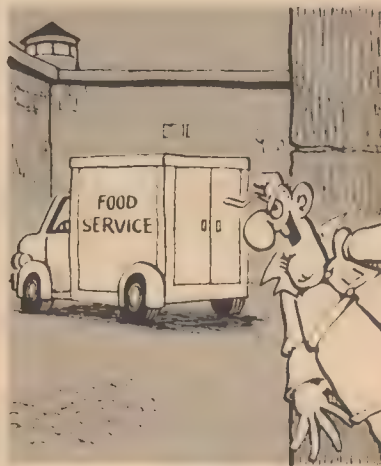
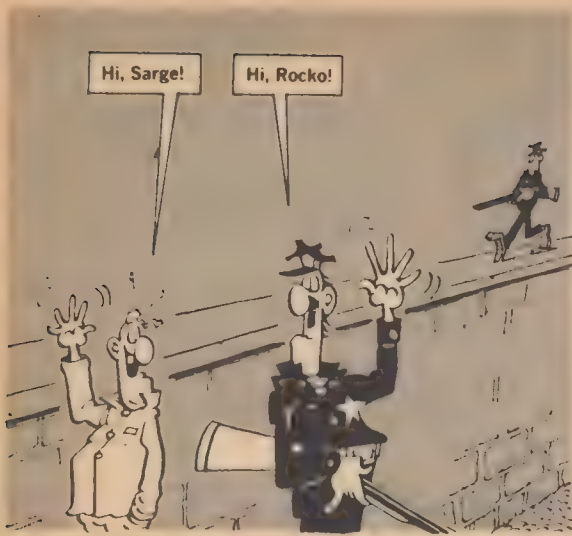
DON MARTIN

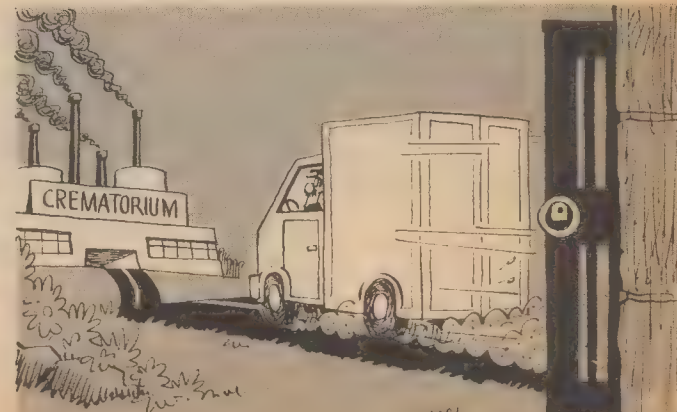
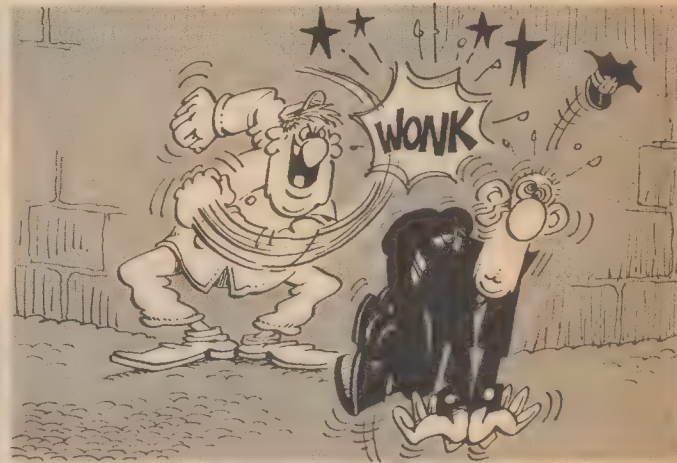


ESCAPES

...FROM
PRISON...
ALMOST!



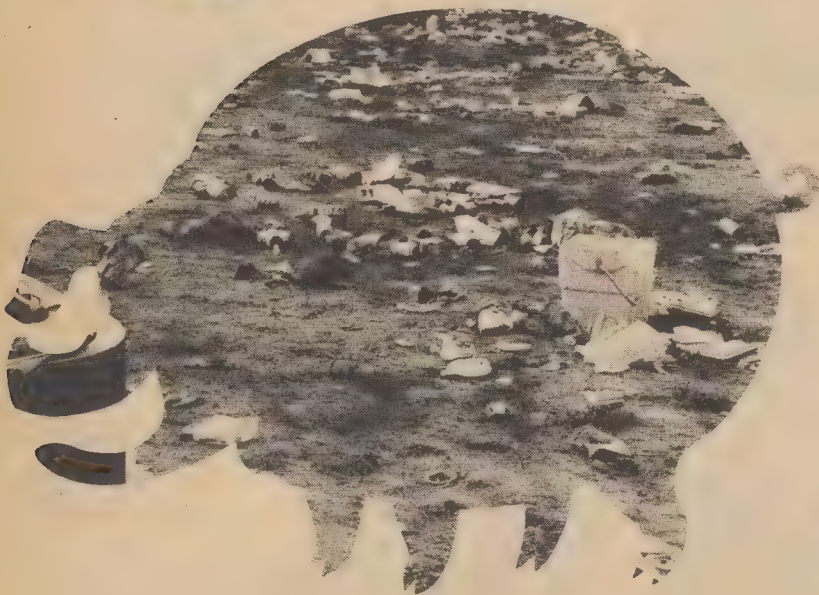




TRUE TO FORM DEPT.

THEY SAY "ONE PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS!" WELL, MAD SAYS, "WHY

APPROPRIATE



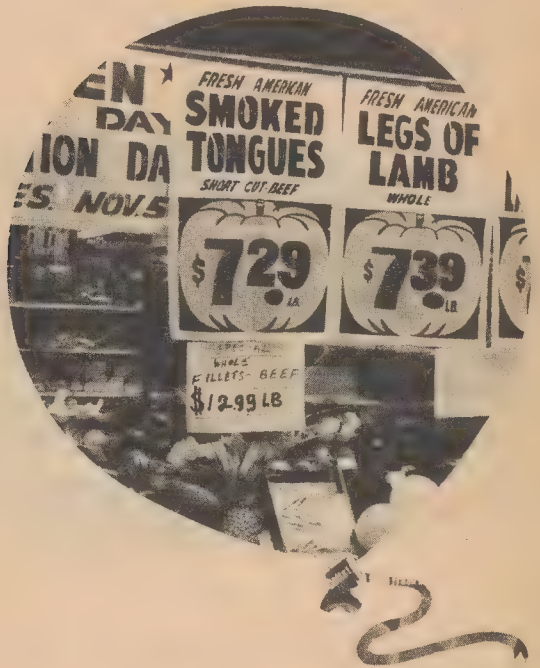
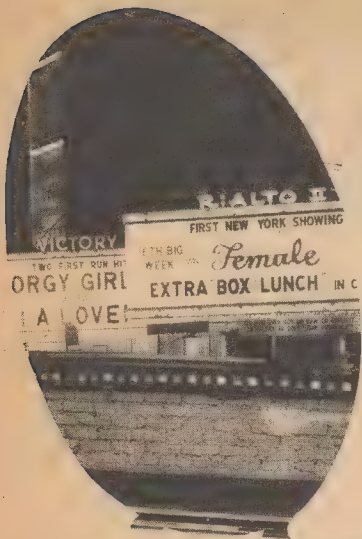
LIMIT IT TO ONLY THAT?" PICTURES CAN SAY A WHOLE LOT MORE BY USING . . .

PHOTO CROPS

ARTIST & WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



PHOTOS BY U.P.I. & D.P.I.



LOOK BEFORE YOU LEECH DEPT.

With today's ridiculously high cost of food and lodging, travel has become an almost impossibly expensive proposition. However, there is a sure-fire method of cutting costs while still seeing the country. It's called "*House-Guesting*" ... which means you stay with friends or relatives and *sponge off* them! And so, to teach you the elementary aspects of this fine art, we now present ...

The MAD Handbook Of HOUSE-GUESTING

HOW TO "JUST DROP IN"...
AND STAY FOR SEVEN WEEKS

* * *

**Making your Host Into
Your Personal Slave**

* * *

HOW TO APPEAR LIKE YOU'RE
BEING HELPFUL...WITHOUT
LIFTING A FINGER

* * *

**A Skilled House-Guest Can
Wheedle Breakfast In Bed**

* * *

IF HIS (OR HER) WARDROBE
FITS YOU...THEN WEAR IT!

* * *

**Insuring Your Privacy At
The Risk Of Being Rude**

* * *

HOW TO GAIN AN ADVANTAGE
AND/OR PROFIT FROM THEIR
DOMESTIC SQUABBLES

* * *

**Getting Sick On Their
Health And Accident Plan**

* * *

CONTROLLING BRATTY KIDS
THROUGH GENTLE TERROR

* * *

**How To Use Their Car
Without Buying Any Gas**

* * *

CHANGING THEIR MEALTIMES
TO SUIT YOUR OWN SCHEDULE

* * *

**"House-Guest Fatigue"...
And How To Combat It**



A SELECTION OF "INVITATION-GETTING" LETTERS

Dear Sue and Andy,

It's hard to believe that five years have passed since you two got married and moved away. I'll be going South this Fall and, as I promised myself, would like to take the opportunity to personally hand you your Wedding Present which finally came from the merchant.

Dear Uncle Harold,

Somehow, I have never forgotten that straight-from-the-shoulder talk we had in my Freshman year when you convinced me to change my Major from Modern Dance to Forestry. Well, once again I am in dire need of a strong, clear, no-nonsense talking to... and since I will be passing through your area next month I thought...

Dear Mr. Wambaugh,

Having followed your law suit against Breakwind Airlines with great interest in the newspapers, I thought you might like to know that I worked as a freight handler for them. During that time, I came into possession of some revealing papers concerning the sloppy way they handle live Cobras. And since I am quite willing to appear as a witness for you in your upcoming trial, I thought you might want to have me visit you in order to plan our attack and prepare...

Dear Mr. Tremaine,

Before she died, my Aunt Lola entrusted me with a packet of letters that you wrote to her while you were an art student at the school where she modeled. These letters are so full of youthful exuberance and passionate longings that I am sure you would enjoy re-reading them. Since I will be passing your estate on my forthcoming trip, I decided...

Dear Mr. Trevor-Clydesdale III,

In my research concerning early ship-ping along the Eastern Seaboard, I have come into possession of a map indicating that Pirate Treasure is buried on your waterfront property at Sea Island, Ga. It would take me only about two weeks to uncover the references and decipher the symbols on this ancient map, and I could stay at your elegant home during that period, where we could also discuss a fair split if and when the treasure is found and we are able to make a proper...

Dear Cousin Mildred,

I was sorry to hear that you are having such expensive problems with your septic tank. As it happens, I have just graduated from a six month Correspondence Course in Leaching Fields, and I would be happy to make a slight detour in my forthcoming trip West to visit you and give you the benefit of my knowledge of the problems involved...

Dear Mr. Finklestein,

I could not help but notice that we share the same surname, and so I have taken the liberty to write. Recently, I undertook an intensive search into our ancestry and discovered that our name dates back to the sixth century.

As I will be passing through your town next month, I thought that you might be fascinated to see my study and have me explain it to you. Did you know that we had two Transylvanian Counts and one French Marquis in our heritage?

Please let me know what date will be best for us to meet and discuss the...

SOME INEXPENSIVE HOUSE GIFTS YOU CAN BRING

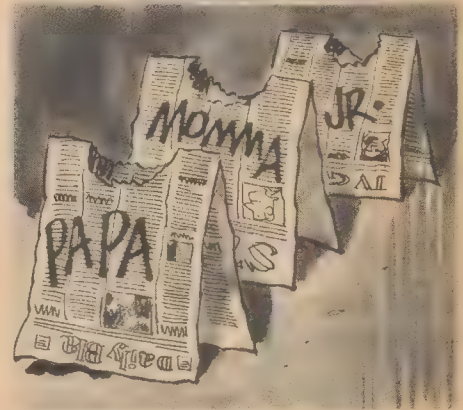
MATCHING "HIS & HERS" DIXIE CUPS



ATTRACTIVE ALL-CHROME DINNER GONG



SET OF PERSONALIZED LOBSTER BIBS



MATCHING PAIR OF HURRICANE LAMPS



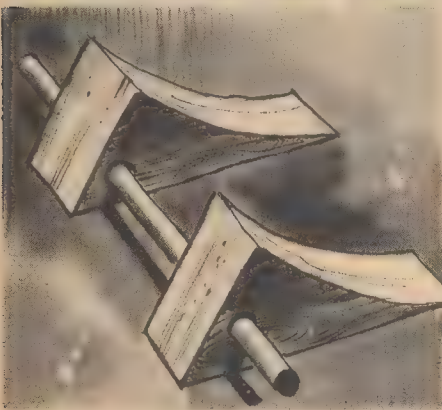
3 MONOGRAMMED WIRE COAT HANGERS



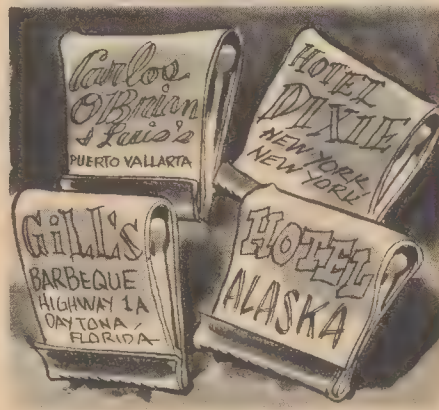
"WHO'S WHO IN N.Y." IN SOFT COVER



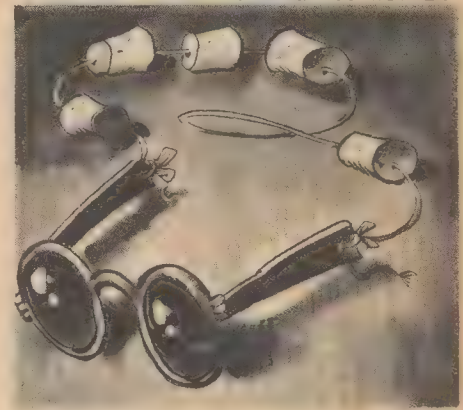
ADJUSTABLE ROCKING CHAIR STOPPER



MATCHBOOK COLLECTOR'S STARTER SET



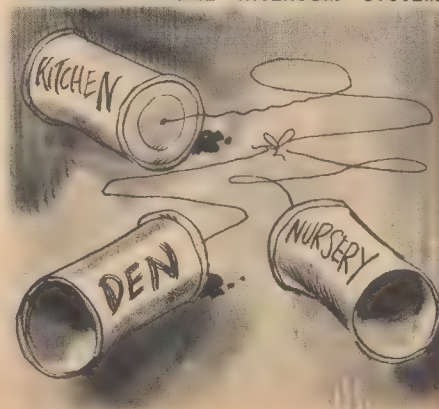
FLOATING EYEGLASS/SUNGLASS HOLDER



READY-FOR-SEED MINI HERB GARDEN



THREE-WAY HOME INTERCOM SYSTEM



SET OF HUMOROUS GOLF CLUB COVERS



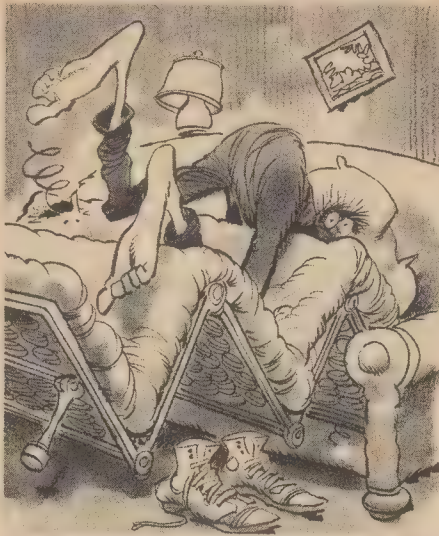
MAKE YOUR STAY A HAPPY ONE BY AVOIDING...

... HOMES WITH ONE BATHROOM



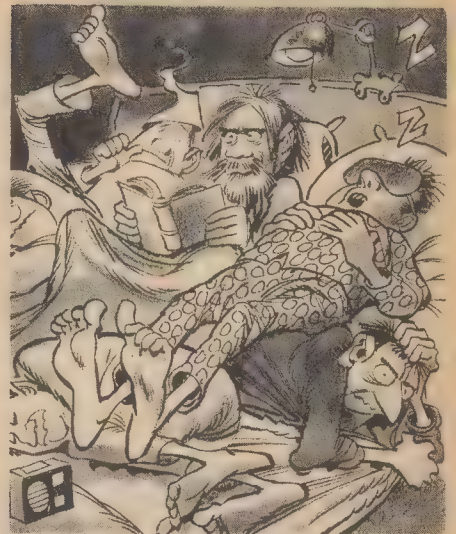
... unless you enjoy standing in line.

... HOMES WITH FOLD-OUT BEDS



... unless your Uncle's a Chiropractor.

... HOMES OF POPULAR PEOPLE



... unless you like sleeping in a dorm.

... HOMES WITH PLAYROOMS



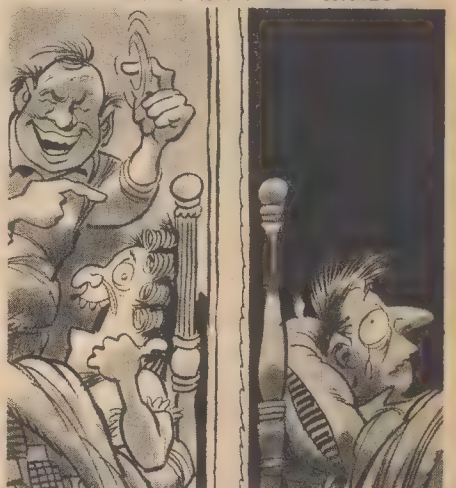
... unless you really enjoy going into debt for twenty years at 12% interest.

... HOMES OF FOOD FADISTS



... unless you like organic bran and alfalfa for breakfast, lunch & dinner.

... HOMES WITH THIN WALLS



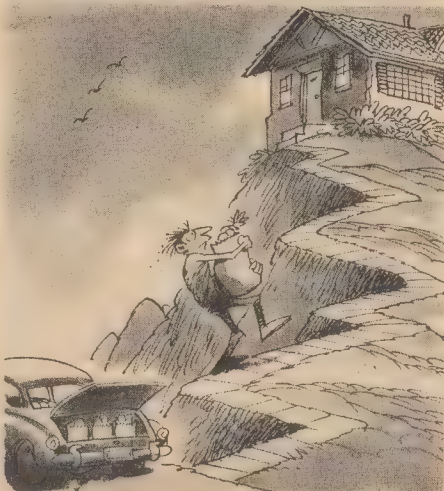
... unless you actually like hearing what people really think about you.

... HOMES WITH LARGE FAMILIES



... unless you really dig babysitting.

... HOMES WITH NO DRIVEWAYS LOCATED ON TOP OF HIGH HILLS



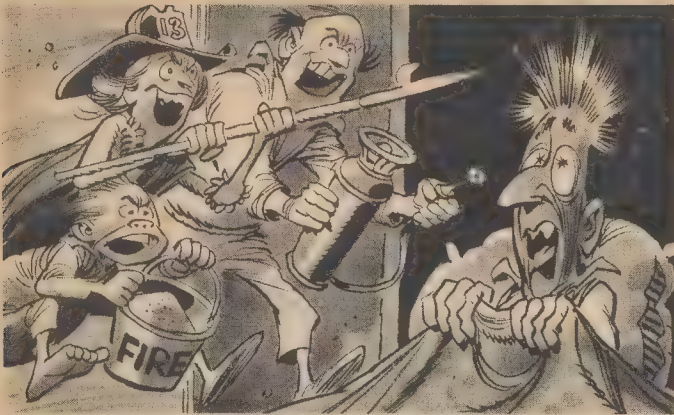
... unless you like hauling groceries.

... HOMES WITH UGLY DAUGHTERS



... unless you like shotgun marriages.

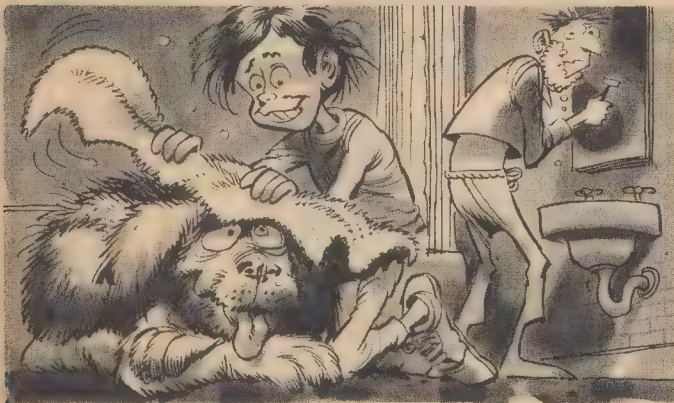
YOU KNOW YOU'VE OVERSTAYED YOUR WELCOME...



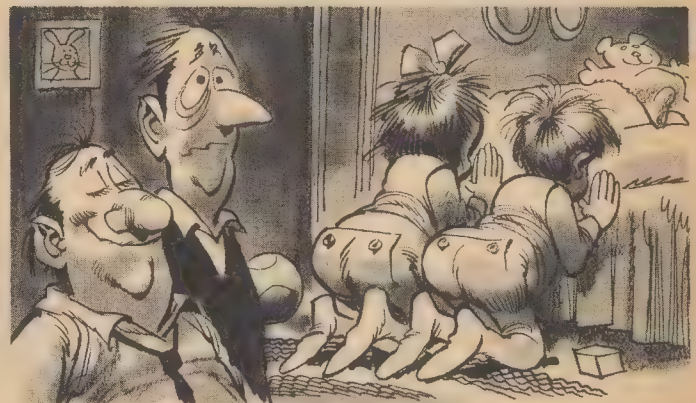
... when they wake you at 3 AM for fire drills.



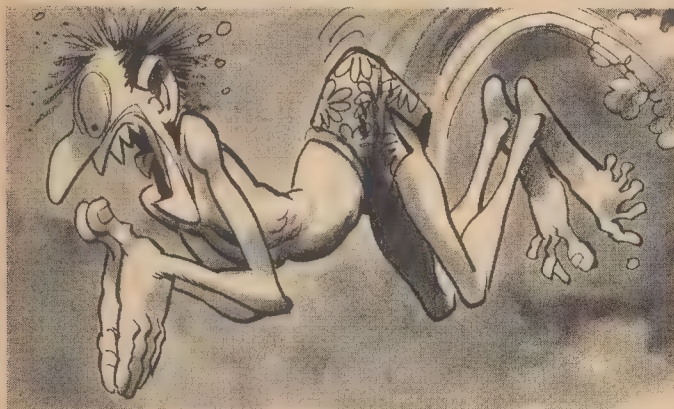
... when they move the baby back into your room.



... when you share your towel with "Old Rover."



... when the kids exclude you from their prayers.



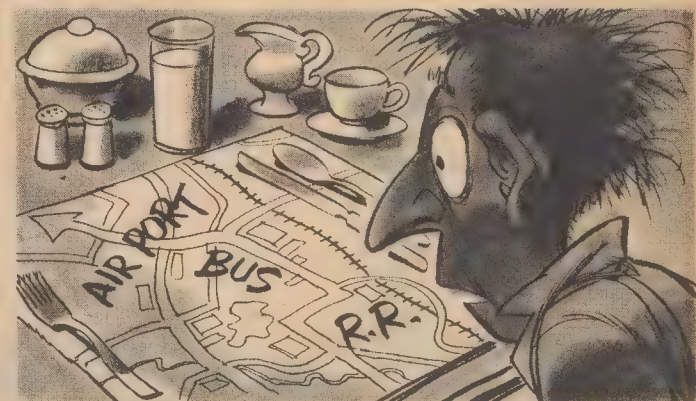
... when they empty the pool without telling you.



... when they turn off the radiator in your room.



... when they serve baked beans and stewed prunes for supper, and then put a lock on your bathroom.



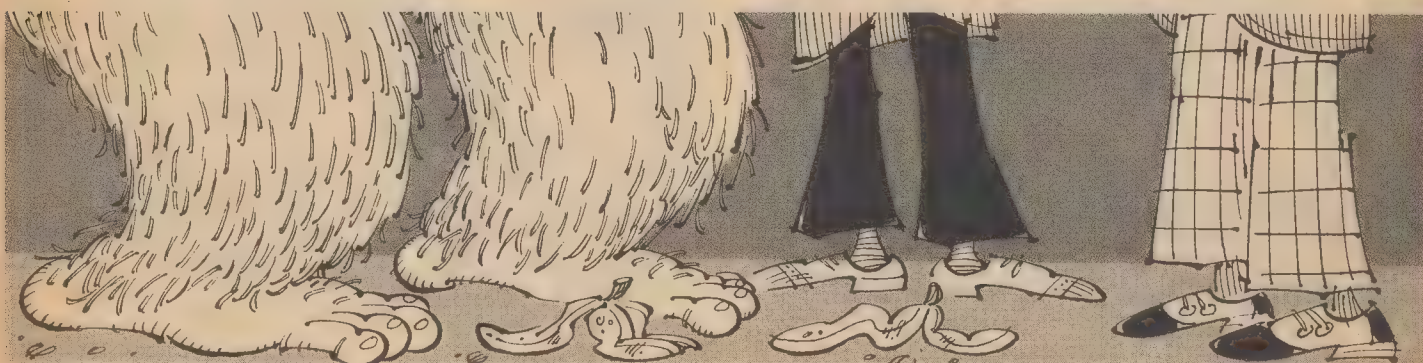
... when your place mat at the table is a roadmap with all exit routes clearly marked in black ink.

FOOTNOTES* TO

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.



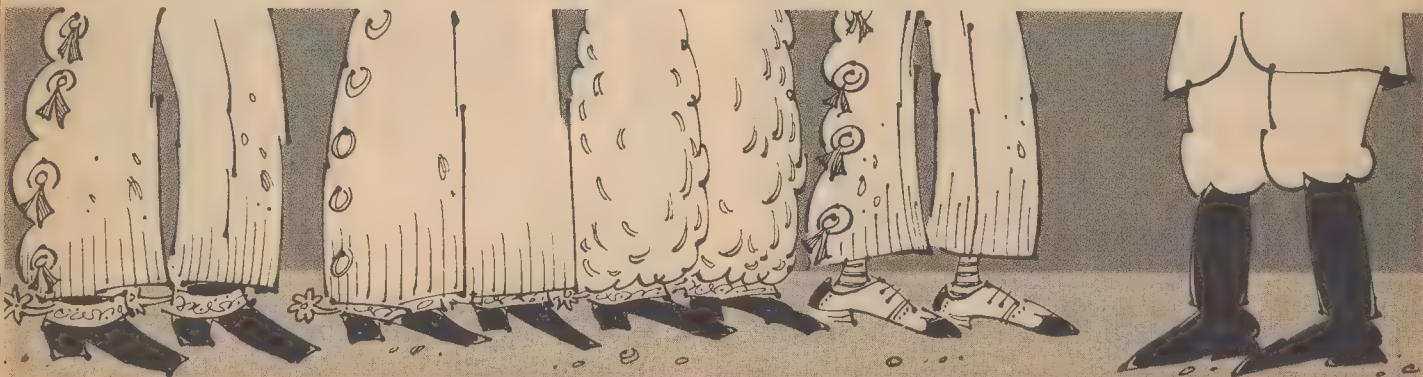
****“Sorry, but our Research Department insists that Joan of Arc did not wear nail polish!”**



****“Okay! So he’s got a great monster personality! But, can he act?”**



****“Either we get ourselves a taller leading man, or this one learns how to balance!”**



****“Get me the Wardrobe Department!”**

D HOLLYWOOD

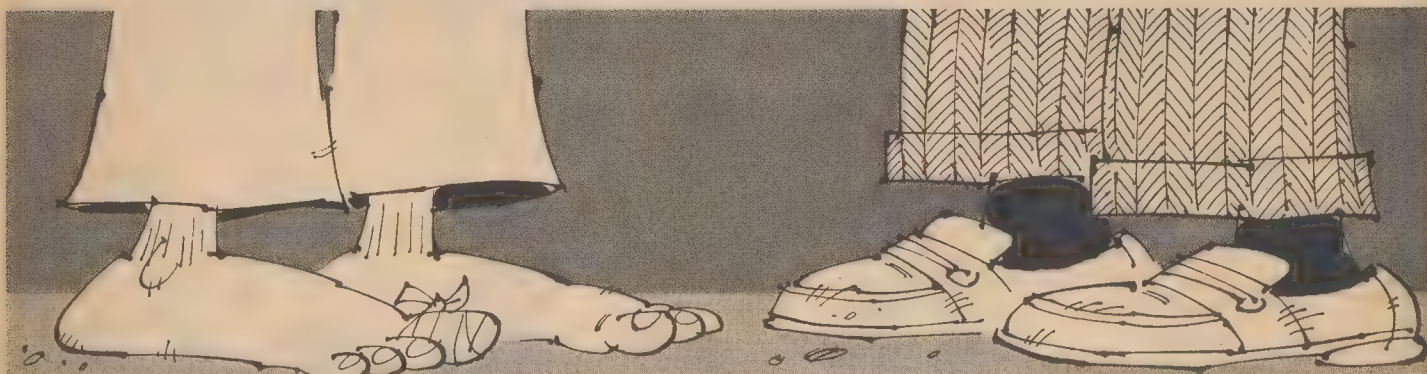
WRITER: PAUL PETER FORGES



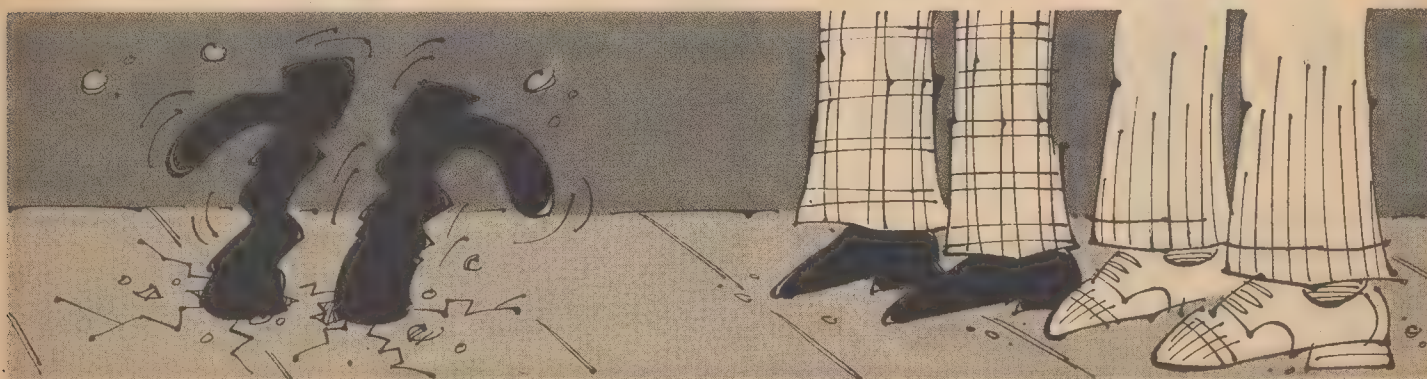
***"Toto did WHAT on the Tin Man...?!?"**



***"Uh—let's have some Nazi extras out here that know how to click their heels!"**



***"... but for the Kung Fu close-ups, we'll have to use your stand-in!"**



***"Meet the greatest stuntman in the business..."**



Brad Rimshot!
Would you please
sign my Senior
Year Book?

Sure, kid!
Er... uh...
what's your
name?

Peggy
Blande!
Remember?

Oh, sure! Uh...
were we in any
classes together?

ALL of them!
Remember...?
Including
"Home Room"!

Oh, yeah!
That's right!
How could I
not remember?

To My dear
old friend
Peggy,

I'll always
remember
you and the
great times
we had in
school
together!

Brad
Rimshot

Club: Art Club; Booster
Club: Poetry Club; Kung Fu
Team: Garden Club.



BRAD RIMSHOT

Best Athlete, Finster
Trophy, Click Medal
Captain, Football Team;
Captain, Basketball Team;
Member, Baseball Team;
Member, Track Team; Field
House Club; Weight-Lifting
Club; Stamp Club.



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

GRA

Okay... what's the
formula for ammonia?

Hydrochloric acid?

Methane gas...?

It's
NH₃!

HCl

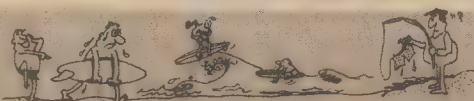
CH₄!

I'LL FAIL MY FINALS
FOR SURE! I WON'T BE
ABLE TO GRADUATE!!

What are you
talking about!
All your answers
were perfect!!

Sure! Here
... under
IDEAL
conditions!

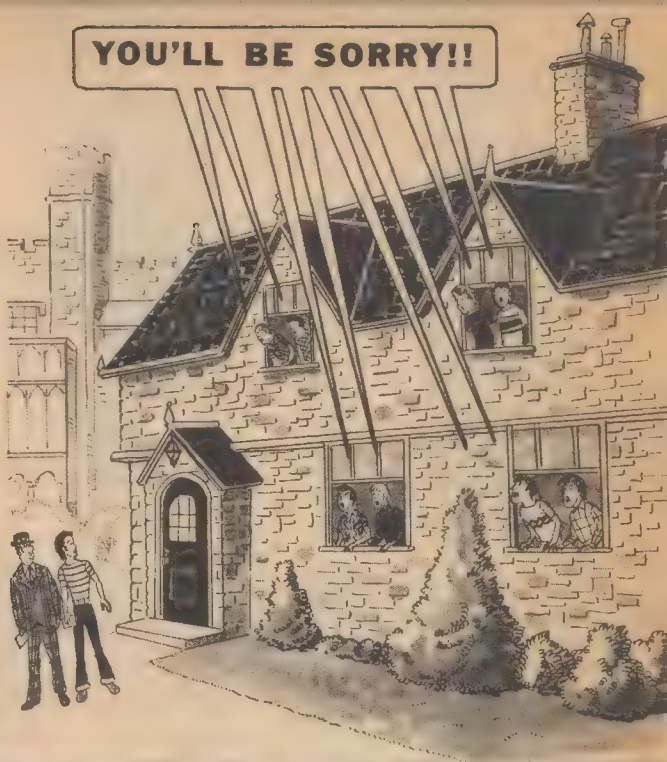
But in the EXAM room...
they won't have a STEREO!



Boy, am I glad I came to visit this College! You can forget about all the others! I LOVE this place! The campus . . . the buildings . . . the dorms . . . the atmosphere! It's what I always dreamed a College would be like!

Let's rush over to the Administration Building and submit my application!

YOU'LL BE SORRY!!



DUATION

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

My parents have given me a choice: Get a JOB, or go on to COLLEGE! It's really a momentous decision! I'll have to weigh the attributes of both pursuits and decide!

It's a matter of which will enlarge my capabilities for coping with our technological society . . . and which will further my understanding of the conflicting factors affecting our competitive life styles!

Sounds like a very difficult problem! How do you intend to solve it?

On a purely rational and intellectual level!

Where will I meet more fellas?!

ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL FOR COMMENCEMENT EXERCISE TUES. 2:30



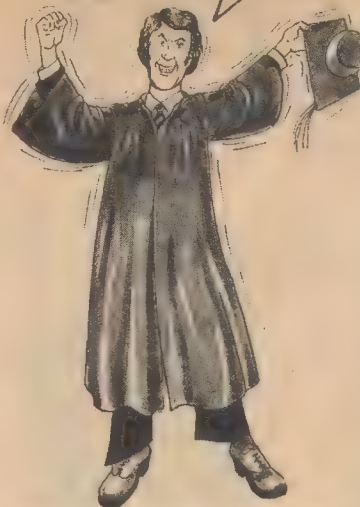
First, I was a Freshman . . .



The top dog Juniors and Seniors looked down on me like I was a LOSER!



But now I'M a Senior!
A WINNER!! A TOP DOG
ABOUT TO GRADUATE!!



Next semester, I'm gonna
be a Freshman again . . .



Aren't you going
to your High
School Prom?

So far, it
looks like
I'm not!



Why not?!? And
why are you
sitting there,
staring at the
telephone?

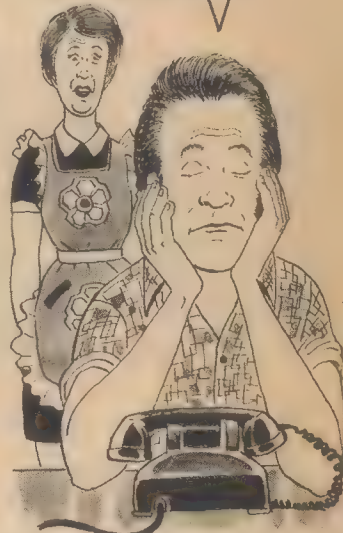
It's hard to
explain! Things
have changed
since you were
a graduate!



How much could things have
changed? A boy is still a
boy . . . and a girl is still
a girl . . . and you still
haven't told me WHY you're
not going to the Prom!



Because, so far, no
girl has asked me!



The Mathematics
Prize goes to
Richard Lippin

What?
Another
one?!



Richard seems to be
copping most of the
Scholastic Awards!



Is it
any
wonder!?



While the rest of us are
out having a good time . . .
boozing it up and smoking
pot and sniffing coke . . .
Richard Lippin stays home
and studies and studies!

Boy, is he dumb!!



NOT L
BALTIMORE

18
18
18
18



Let me see your Junior High School Graduation Album!

It's no big deal!

What are you talking about! The first one I turned to is darling! "First comes love . . . Then comes marriage . . . With a baby carriage!" Signed . . . "Charles Rudik"

That Charles Rudik is a very clever and original young man!

He sure is!

And when you look through the album, you'll see six MORE of exactly the SAME clever and original poems!



What a cruddy-looking bunch of creeps! They shouldn't even let such slobs into the Graduation Exercises!



Now, THERE'S a fine-looking group of young people! There's the REAL hope of the world!



These caps and gowns are rented! They have to be returned!

Yeah, but we can keep the TASSEL as a souvenir of a very important day in our lives!

I'm gonna hang mine on the rear view mirror of my car!

I'm putting mine in a hand-carved jewel case where I keep my mementos!

Where are you putting yours, Arpie?

Considering the immense value of a Post-Graduate Degree in today's job market, I'm placing mine with great care into a strong metal container!



Boy . . . I sure am glad **THAT'S** over with! High School was a **DRAG!!**

Really? Le'me take inventory on that! I was on a real ego trip when I had the lead in the school play! I had a blast with the **Photography Club!** Winning that **Basketball Scholarship** was a nice surprise! And making out with the **Captain of the Cheering Squad** was absolutely sensational!!

Yep! All in all, I'd say High School definitely was **NOT A DRAG!!**

Did it ever occur to you that **YOU** were the drag?!!

Congratulations, my Darling! You did it! You've graduated!

Hold it, just like that! I want to get a shot of this!

Oh, Daddy . . . you always embarrass me by making such a **PRODUCTION!** If you must take a picture, will you do it quickly?!

I'd LOVE to! But all the **OTHER "Production-Makers"** are in my way!

FANTASTIC!! After twelve long years of required education, I'm **FREE!** I've **GRADUATED!!** I never have to go back to school again!

What a great feeling! I can **GO** anywhere . . . **DO** anything . . .

So what **ARE** you going to do?

Nothing! Just hang around!

And where are you going to hang around?

The schoolyard!!

David Ber

DRAW THIS FIGURE



WE'LL EVALUATE YOUR ARTISTIC TALENT FREE!

Have you ever suspected that you may possess the skill to make big money as a Commercial Artist or a free lance Pencil Sketcher? Then don't wait another day to find out whether your dreams of a profitable Art Career can be attained. Let our professional staff evaluate your talent NOW at no immediate cost to you.

Simply draw the animal pictured above (which is a horse) on a plain sheet of paper and submit it, together with the attached coupon, for a free estimate of your artistic ability.

If we honestly believe that you have natural talent, we may allow you to develop it by enrolling in our home art study course. So take that first step toward great wealth today! Draw your horse and mail it in quickly!

HORSE DRAWERS' ART INSTRUCTION SCHOOL

Penthouse Suite
Odd Fellows Bldg.

Endless Plains,
Kansas

I enclose my horse. Please evaluate it and let me know if I have enough talent to become a paying student in your Art School.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

"CON" TESTS DEPT.

Unless MAD is the only magazine you read, this ad probably looks familiar to you. It should. It appears in virtually every periodical in the known world. At times the horse changes to a fawn, and at times scholarship prizes are promised to those with "outstanding ability." But the ad hasn't undergone any basic changes in a generation.

We have no idea how many students have enrolled in Art Courses as a result of this "Free Evaluation" offer. But it seems safe to assume that no school would keep running the same type of ad for years unless it produced the desired results.

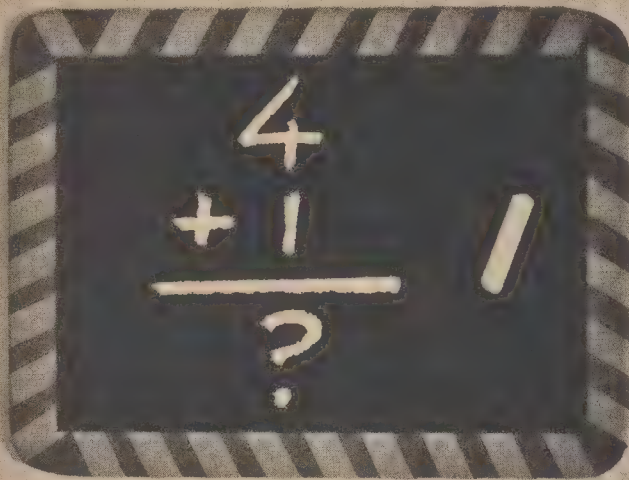
And that raises a logical question. If the "Free Talent Evaluation" deal works for an Art School, why couldn't it be utilized just as successfully to bring students into other kinds of Home Study Programs? And for example, just imagine how irresistible the lure would be to sign up for a ten week course if you were offered the following...

"TALENT EVALUATION" ADS FOR OTHER CAREER TRAINING PROGRAMS

WRITER: TOM KOCH



ADD UP THESE FIGURES



YOU MAY HAVE A NATURAL FLAIR FOR ACCOUNTING!

Undoubtedly, you are one of countless millions wasting time in some tedious job because you're afraid you may not have what it takes to launch a fun career in the glamorous field of Accounting.

Now, at last, you can have your aptitude for Accountant Training tested in strictest confidence. Just try to add the figures together that are shown above, and mail in your result for a **FREE TALENT EVALUATION**.

If the answer you get to this tough problem is somewhere between 2 and 9, you may well possess that certain knack for figures that our faculty seeks in enrolling new students at the Red Debit School of Accounting.

To have your skills evaluated at absolutely no cost and only a certain amount of obligation, merely copy the figure "4" on a plain sheet of paper in your own handwriting. Then place the figure "1" beneath it, and attempt to add the two together. (Counting on your fingers to get the result in an accepted accounting procedure, but you should not cheat by borrowing an arithmetic book to discover that the right answer is 5.)

Once you complete work on your talent evaluation test, mail it in together with the signed coupon below for a prompt professional appraisal of your undeveloped ability.

RED DEBIT SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTING

Box 314 (That's three-fourteen) North Fiscal, N.J.

Boy, oh boy! Would I ever love to escape from my life of boring drudgery by becoming a suave Accountant that everybody will look up to. Please let me know at once if I have what it takes to cut the mustard. If so, I naturally want to enroll at your fine school, and agree to abide by all the tuition payment requirements which you will bill me about at your earliest convenience.

LEGALLY BINDING SIGNATURE _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

RE-WRITE THIS STORY

NOTRE DAME DEFEATS SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IN FOOTBALL GAME

Notre Dame defeated Southern California, 33-14, in a football game today before 90,000 fans in Los Angeles. At least this is assumed to be what happened since Article XVI, Section 9 of the Football Rules states that the team which scores the most points prior to the end of the game shall be deemed the winner. And the Notre Dame team scored the most points today. It scored 33, and Southern Cal only scored 14.

YOU MAY QUALIFY FOR TRAINING AS A HIGHLY PAID NEWSPAPER SPORTS EDITOR

If you see any way that this news item might be shortened without omitting vital facts, the chances are good that your talent for Sports Editing can lead to a profitable career.

The Grantland Flack Memorial School of Journalism is searching for capable students who can be trained to fill the thousands of executive job vacancies that always exist in the Sports Departments of America's big city newspapers.

For a **FREE EVALUATION OF YOUR EDITING SKILL**, simply re-write the above sports story in your own words, taking care to include such facts of interest as the score, who played, etc. If your version turns out to be shorter than ours, mail it in to receive a guaranteed favorable evaluation, and a somewhat guaranteed chance to enter the exciting field of sports editing.

Just one point to remember! A good Editor must be able to work fast, so don't fail to send your sample story **at once** if you want to convince us that you can stand the pressure of big time newspapering.

GRANTLAND FLACK MEMORIAL SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

Rural Route 4

Leapers Ridge, Ark.

I enclose my re-written story, which I have cut to the bone to demonstrate my talent for Editing. If I qualify for admission to your school, I promise to display my skill again by writing a check in twenty-five words or less to cover the cost of my full tuition.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

DO YOU HAVE MUSICAL TALENT?



Oh! Su - san - na Oh! don't you cry for me,

HUM THIS TUNE, AND WE'LL JUDGE YOUR ABILITY FREE!

Did you find yourself miraculously humming that melody, even though you thought you couldn't read music? If so, you could well be an undiscovered prodigy capable of earning millions as a Vocalist or Background Hummer in the lucrative Country & Western music field. Our experts will gladly judge your heaven-sent talent at **ABSOLUTELY NO COST TO YOU**, until later.

Best of all, it is not necessary for you to send us a record of your humming in order to learn whether you could benefit from the training program of the Nashville Sound Music Academy. If you think you were close to the right tune, just say so on the coupon at the right, and we'll take your word for it.

But don't delay in requesting your free talent evaluation! The Country & Western recording field could conceivably become overcrowded with musical geniuses of your caliber at any time. So submit your entry now while there are still fortunes to be made by trainable Hummers.

NASHVILLE SOUND MUSIC ACADEMY

I am clinging to the hope that my humming may be good enough to qualify me for professional training by the maestros at your Academy. To assist you in judging my musical ability, I have taken your talent test in the privacy of my own home, and I think that the results came out as follows

- ☐ I sounded pretty good to me, especially when I did it in a tile-walled bathroom.
- ☐ I couldn't hum because it made my lips tingle and feel funny, but I said the words out loud real nice and clear.
- ☐ I was too embarrassed to take the test here alone, but I'm sure I'll do fine once I get on stage in front of a big audience.

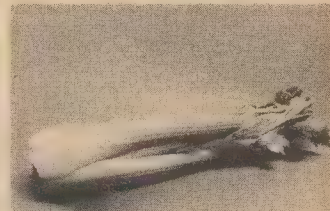
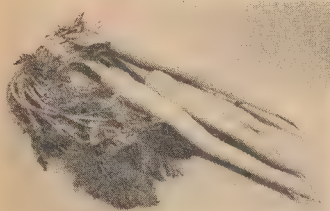
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

MY FAVORITE MUSICAL NUMBER IS _____

MY BANK ACCOUNT NUMBER IS _____

OVER \$500 IN PRIZES TO BE AWARDED!



IDENTIFY THESE VEGETABLES!

With a bushel of tomatoes currently retailing for somewhat more than a bunch of carrots, it is vital that today's Professional Super Market Checker be able to tell these two vegetables apart. Maybe you already possess this perceptive skill without even knowing it! To have your Vegetable Identification Quotient evaluated by experts, and enter our contest for a cash prize as well, simply write down what you think the above pictured vegetable may be, and rush your completed test paper to us today! There are 500 lucky winners of \$1 each to be selected in the Ace Super Market Checker Training School's big "Produce Identification Sweepstakes!" Sloppy penmanship, bad spelling and incorrect answers will not spoil your chances of winning IF you take care to fill in the attached coupon completely and return it to us along with your contest entry.

Ace Super Market Checker Training School

Box 1.69 lb.

Dozen Palms, Calif.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

I enclose my entry, and also express the following gut feeling:

(CHECK ONE)

- ☐ **YES.** If I am a lucky winner, I want to have **all of my prize money** applied toward **tuition payment** at the Ace Super Market Training School for the **Complete 2 Year Course!**
- ☐ **NO.** If I am **not** a lucky winner, I certainly will **not** let that stand in my way of a **profitable career**, and wish to be **enrolled as a student** at the Ace Super Market Checker Training School anyway.

ODDS FOR THE LOVE OF MOOLA DEPT.

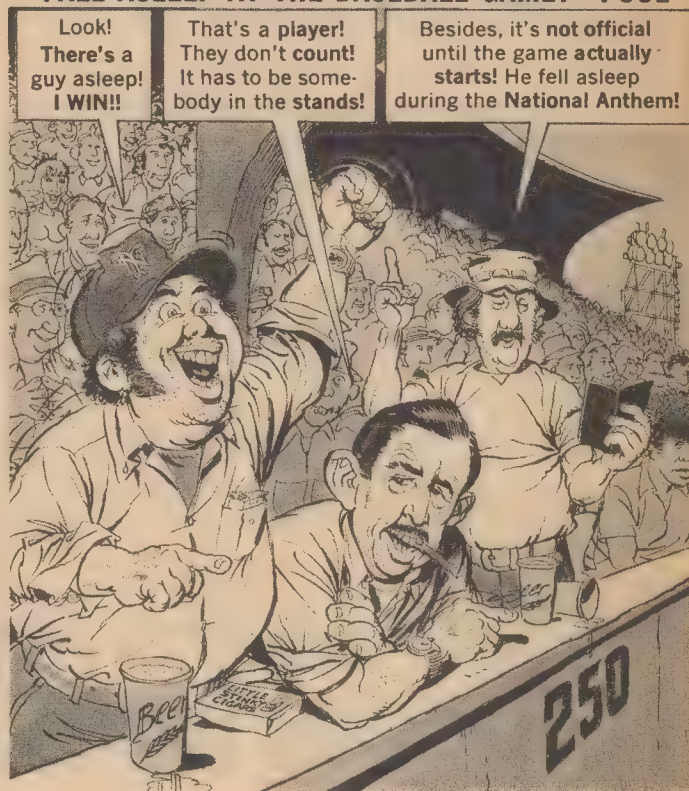
It's a national craze! Everybody, into the pool! No, not the swimming pool, clod! The "Baseball High Inning" pool, the "Biggest Fish" pool, the "What Time Will The Ship Drop Anchor?" pool, the "In What Round Will The Fight End?" pool, and whatever other pool is being organized this week! How far will this new compulsion go? It's just getting started! And so, to add to the list, MAD now suggests...

OTHER

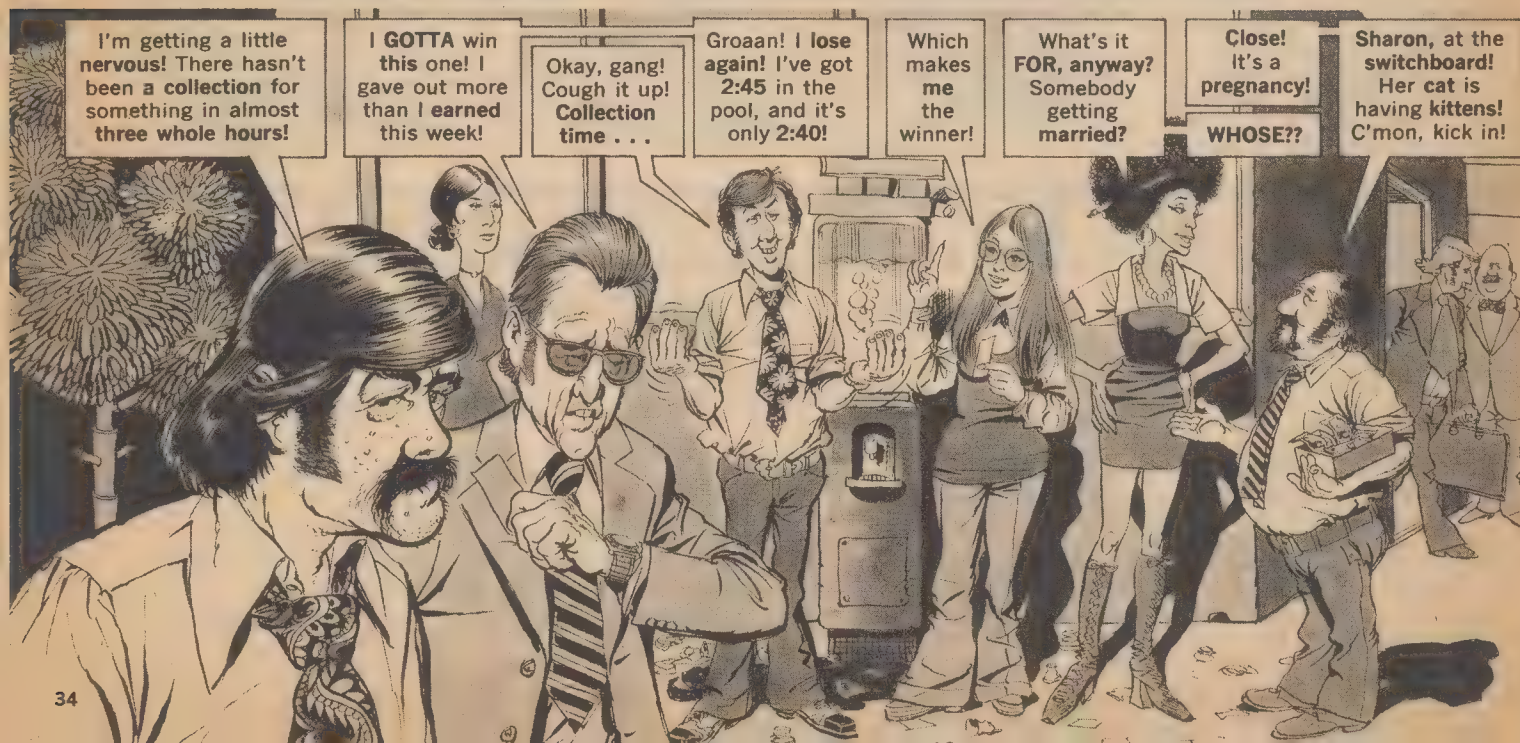
THE "FAMILY VACATION TRIP CAR-SICK" POOL



THE "WHAT INNING WILL THE FIRST SPECTATOR FALL ASLEEP AT THE BASEBALL GAME?" POOL



THE "WHAT TIME WILL THE NEXT OFFICE COLLECTION BE TAKEN?" POOL





BETTING POOLS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

THE "WHAT TIME DOES THE SCHOOL BUS DRIVER BLOW HIS TOP?" POOL



THE "HOW LONG AFTER A GUY FINALLY QUILTS SMOKING WILL HE LIGHT UP AGAIN?" POOL



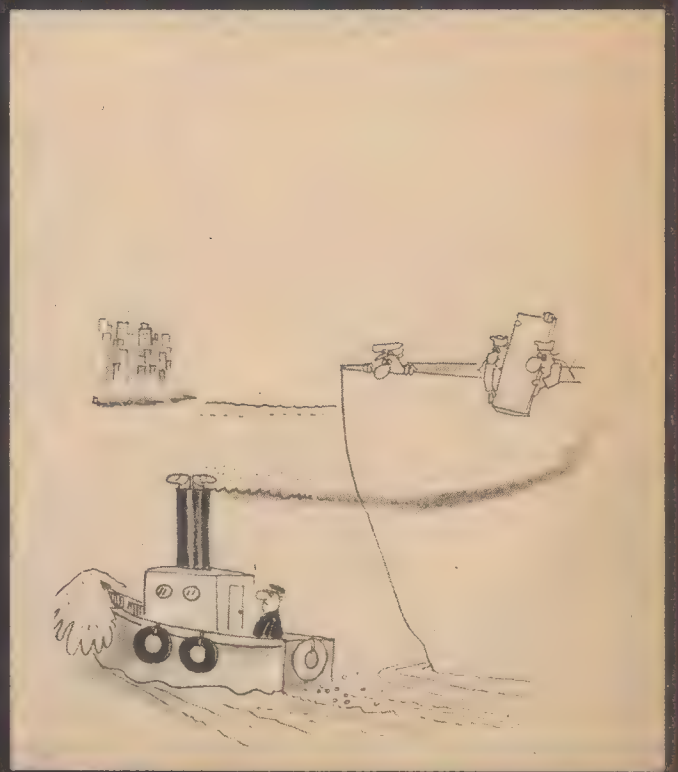
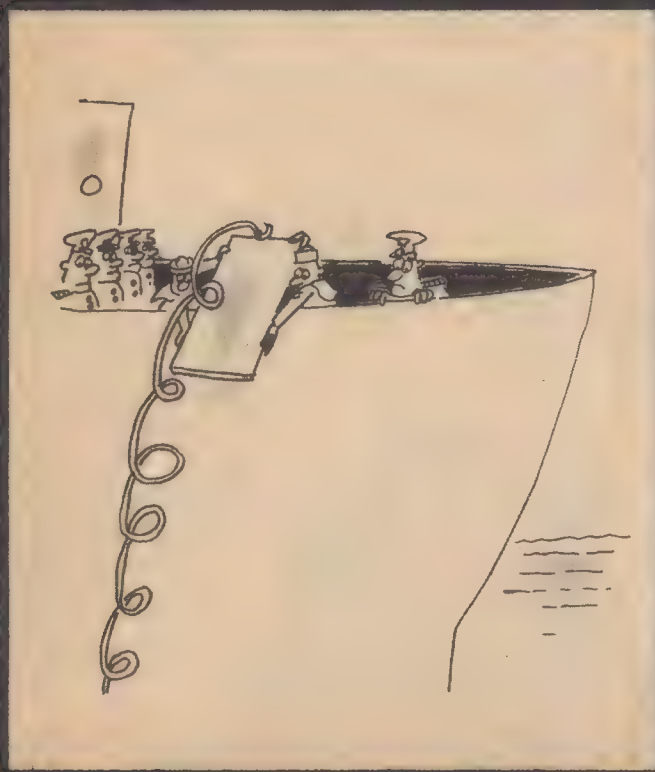
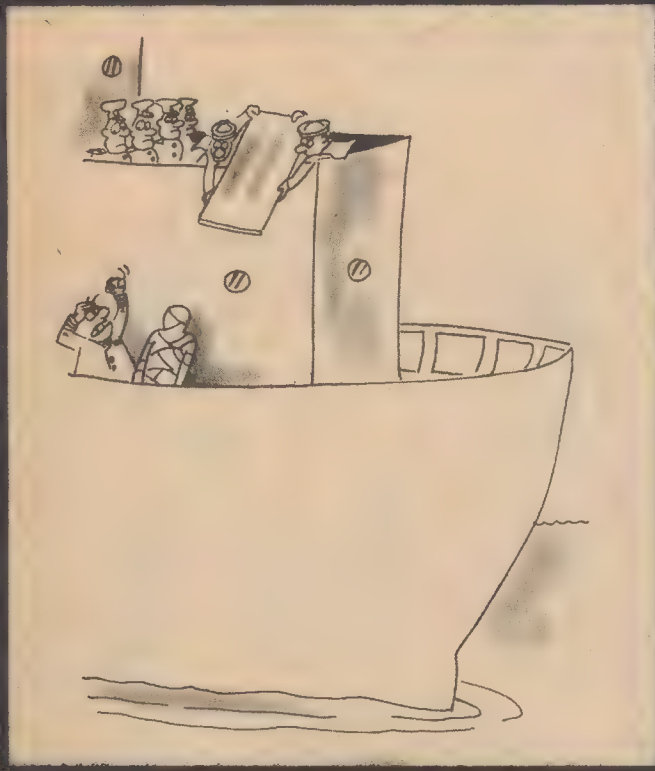
THE "WHO'LL BE FIRST ON THE BLOCK TO NEED FIRST AID AFTER SHOVELING HIS WALK?" POOL



FLOAT SOME AND JETTISON SOME DEPT.

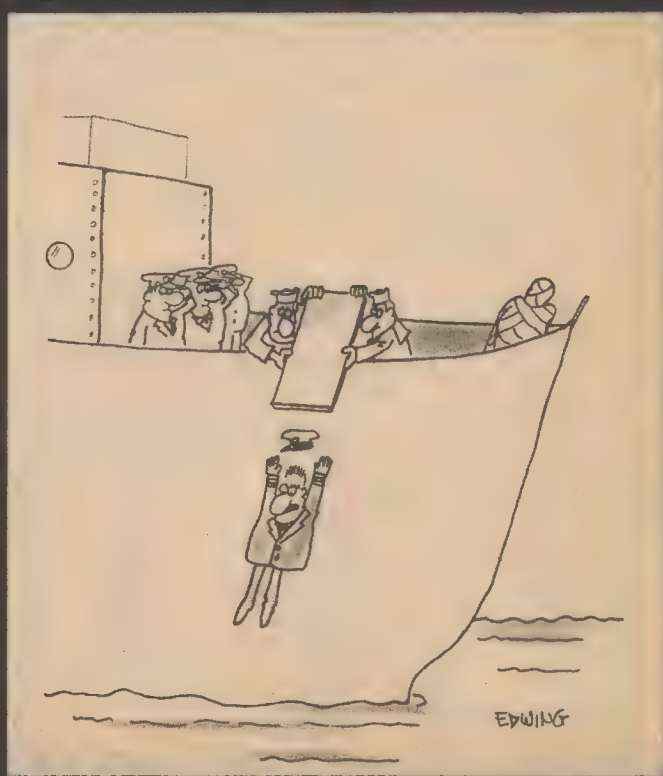
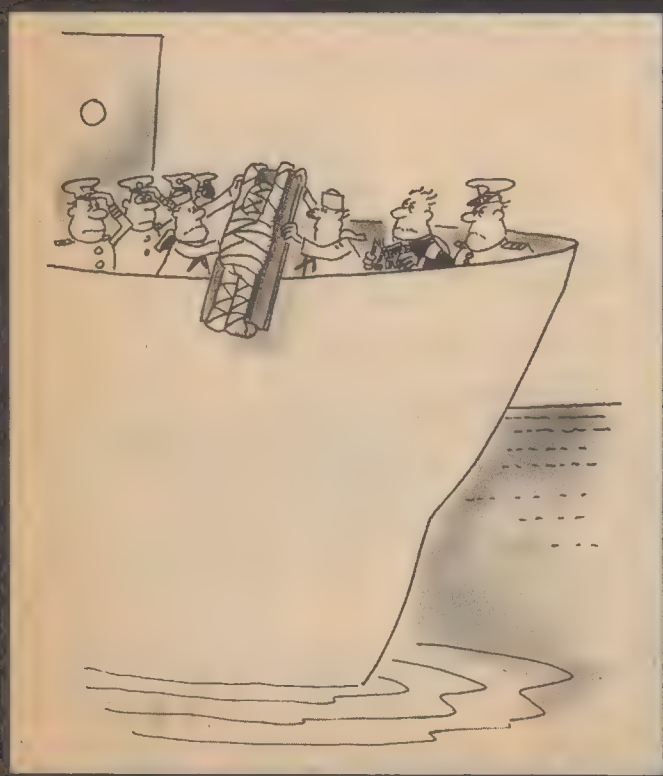
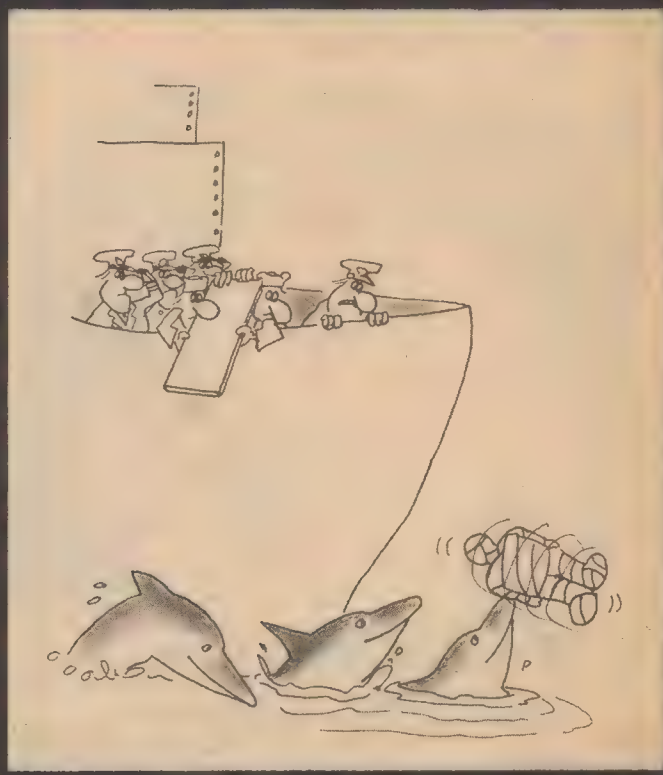
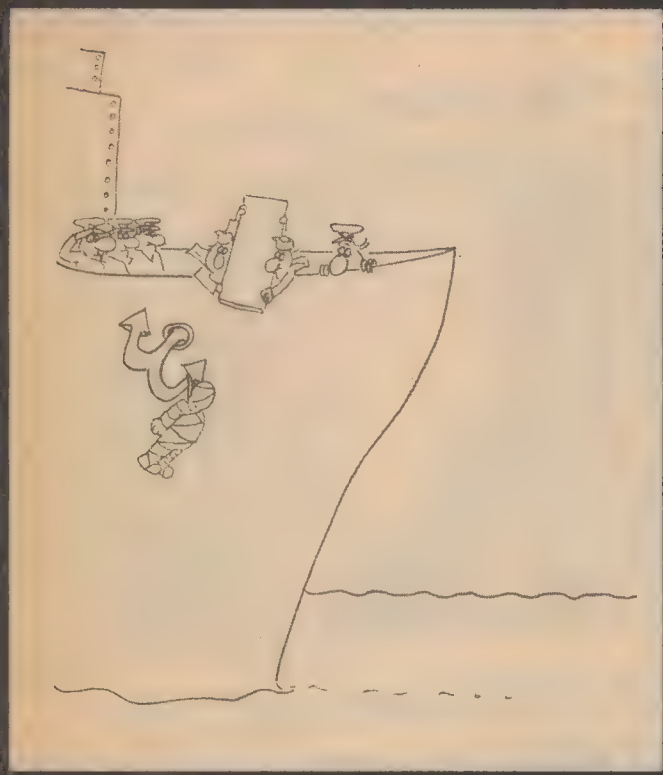
A MAD LOOK AT

BURI



AL AT SEA

ARTIST AND WRITER: DON EDWING

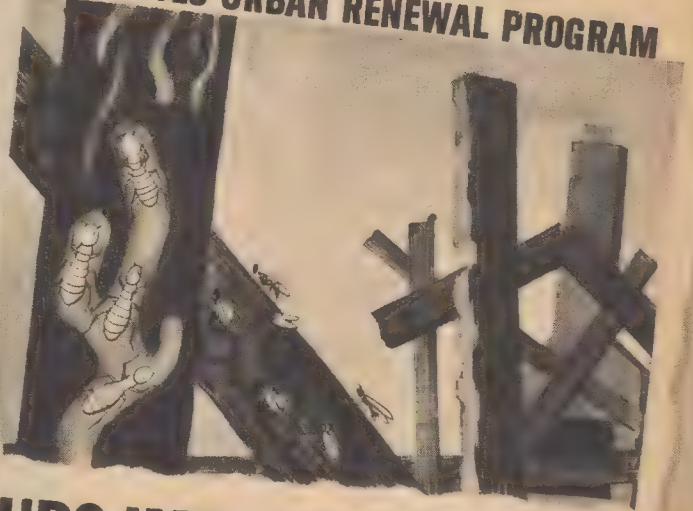


IF YOU THINK WE HUMANS ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO SU HEADLINES OF TH

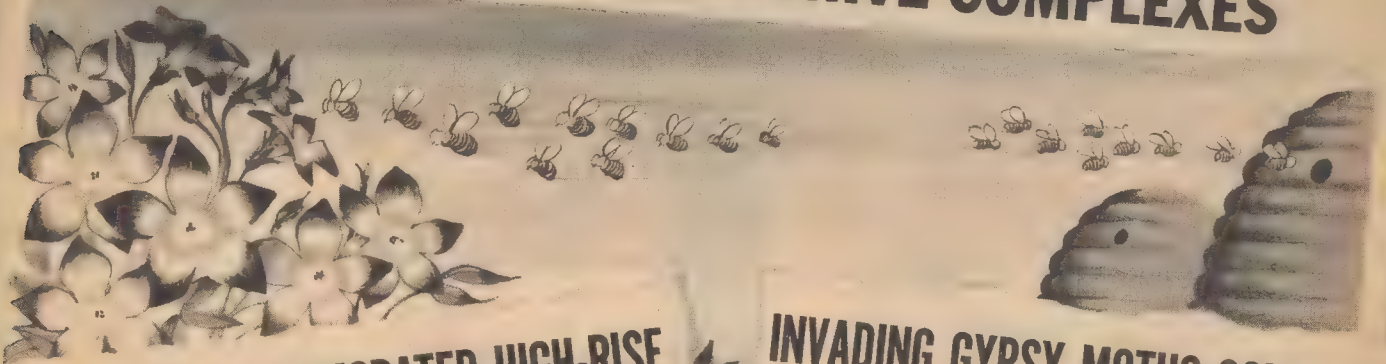
**RECURRING DEADLY "SMOG"
THREATENS GNAT POPULATION**



**SURPRISE TERMITE DEMOLITION
ACTIVATES URBAN RENEWAL PROGRAM**



**STAGGERED LUNCH HOURS IMPLEMENTED AT
LEADING INDUSTRIAL BEEHIVE COMPLEXES**



**RED AND BLACK INTEGRATED HIGH-RISE
CO-OP ANT HILL OPENS IN GREENVALE**



**INVADING GYPSY MOTHS COMPLETE
TACTICAL DEFOLIATION OPERATION**



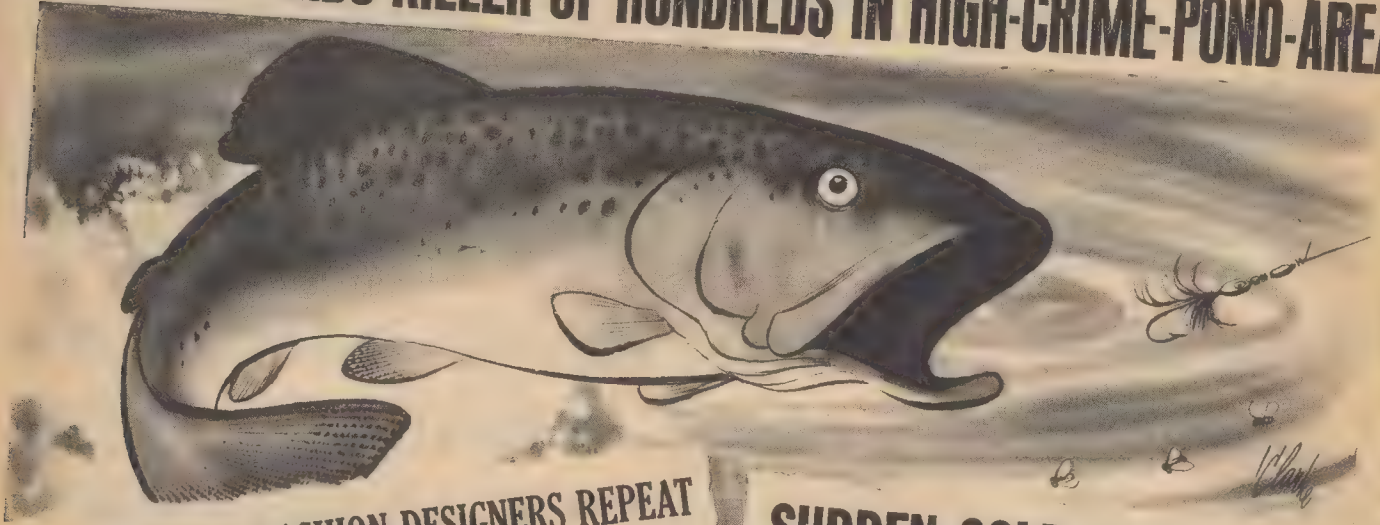


FFER FROM THE PROBLEMS OF TODAY, DIG THESE...

E INSECT WORLD

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: PAUL PETER FORGES

DECOY FLY NABS KILLER OF HUNDREDS IN HIGH-CRIME-POND-AREA



LADYBUG SPRING FASHION DESIGNERS REPEAT "POLKA DOT LOOK" FOR 1,370,210th SEASON



SUDDEN COLD WAVE CAUSES PARTIAL FIREFLY BLACKOUT



LOCAL CITIZENS OUTRAGED BY OUTDOOR CRICKET ROCK CONCERT



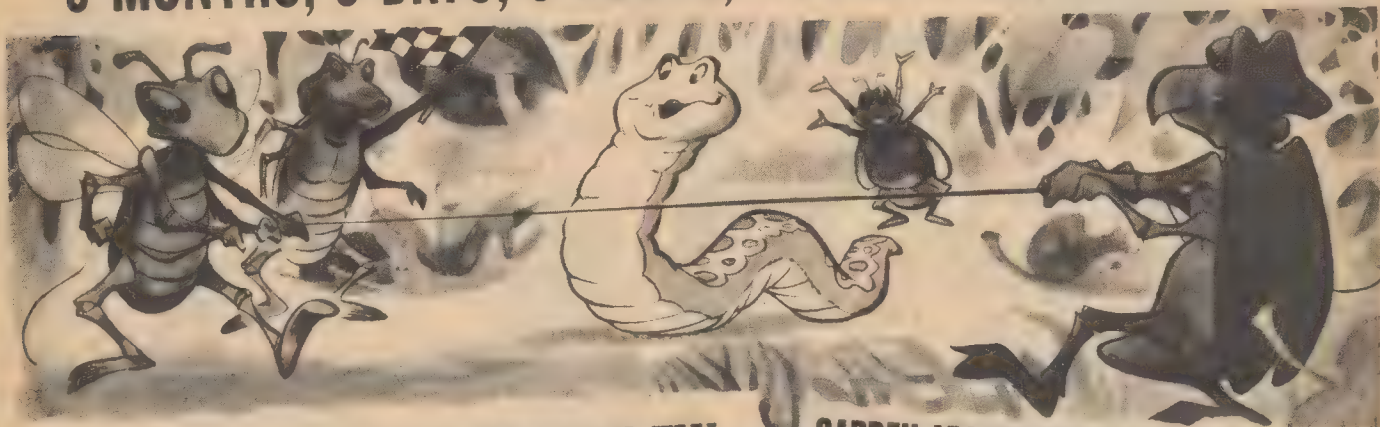
ONE-CENTIPEDE-CHORUS LINE OPENS IN FOREST HILLS TO RAVE REVIEWS



LOCAL BUGS WARNED OF UNMARKED SPEED TRAPS



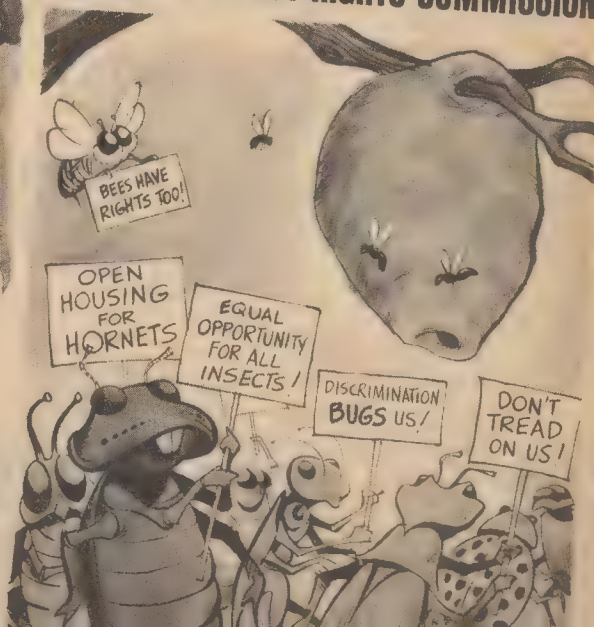
INCHWORM SETS NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR OUTDOOR MILE: 5 MONTHS, 3 DAYS, 8 HOURS, 12 MINUTES, 45 SECONDS



GROUND SMOG CAUSES DRAGON FLY STACK-UP AND TAKE-OFF DELAYS



GARDEN APARTMENT RESTRICTED TO WASPS IS CITED BY INSECT RIGHTS COMMISSION



There's an old joke that goes: "Football is a strange sport. Where else can 22 men put each other on the behind in public... and not get arrested?" Well, in a recent popular movie, they're **BEEN** arrested! In fact, the whole picture takes place in a Maximum Security Prison. Why Hollywood suddenly decided to make a "Prison Sports" film, we'll never know! But we suspect that it's just one more gimmick for showing off a certain sexy actor's chest hairs! Anyway, here is MAD's version of

THE LONGEST YARDBIRD

Hey... where are you going, Crude?

I'm going to slip into something a little more comfortable! Your CAR!!

You can't run out on me! I've supported you ever since you were a Pro Football Star eight years ago! You haven't worked a day since!

True—but I'm scoring more now than I did then!

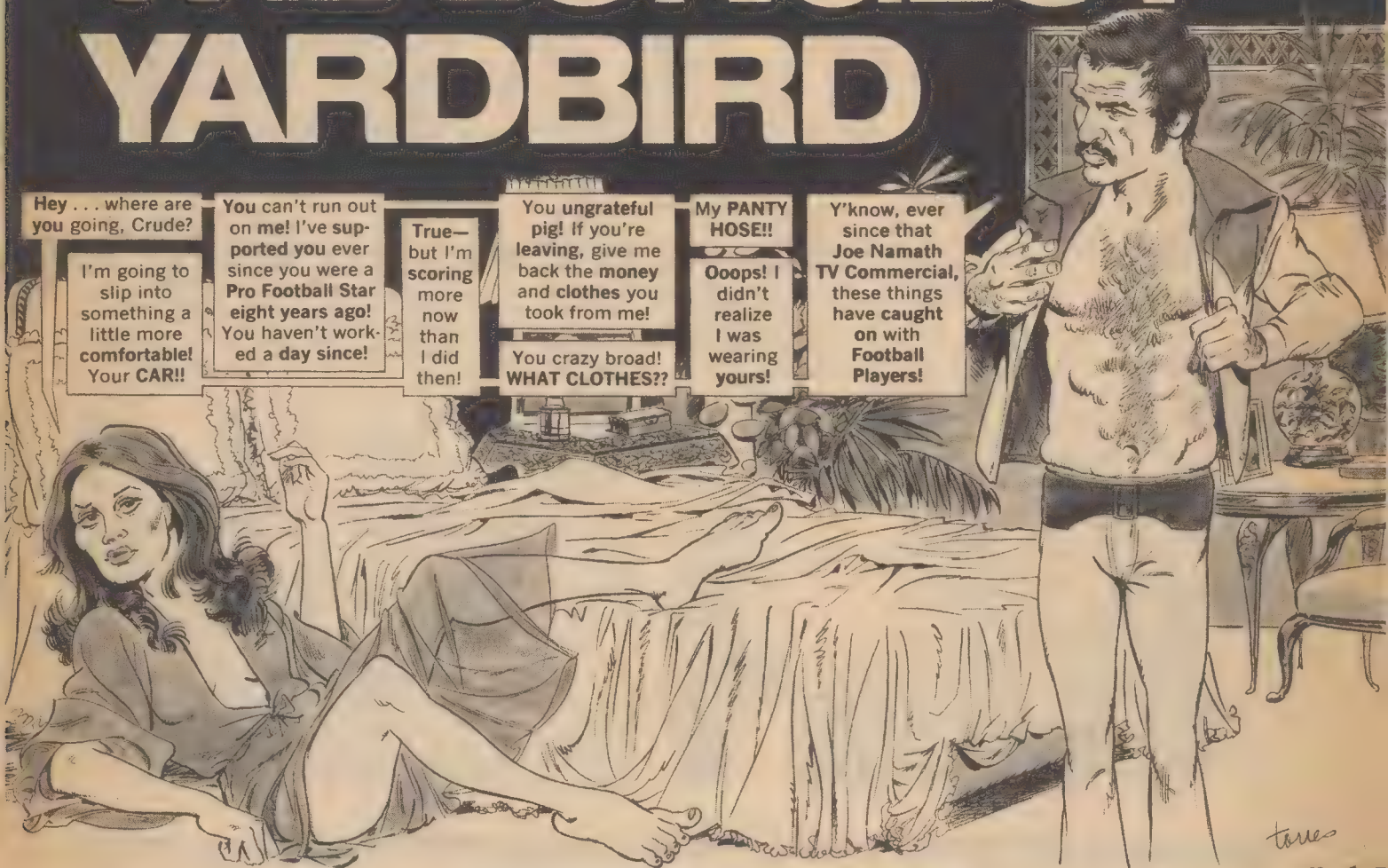
You ungrateful pig! If you're leaving, give me back the money and clothes you took from me!

You crazy broad! WHAT CLOTHES?!

My PANTY HOSE!!

Ooops! I didn't realize I was wearing yours!

Y'know, ever since that Joe Namath TV Commercial, these things have caught on with Football Players!



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Okay! So I **TOOK** the girl's car! And I **DROVE** 120 miles an hour through the city streets! And I **CAUSED** 7 pile-ups and crashes along the way! And I **DUMPED** the car in the river! So what? That was all **FUN AND GAMES!** There's nothing wrong with a little **FUN AND GAMES**, is there, Officers?

Not at all, fellah! So let's play **ANOTHER** game! Here—pick a card! Now, what's it say...?

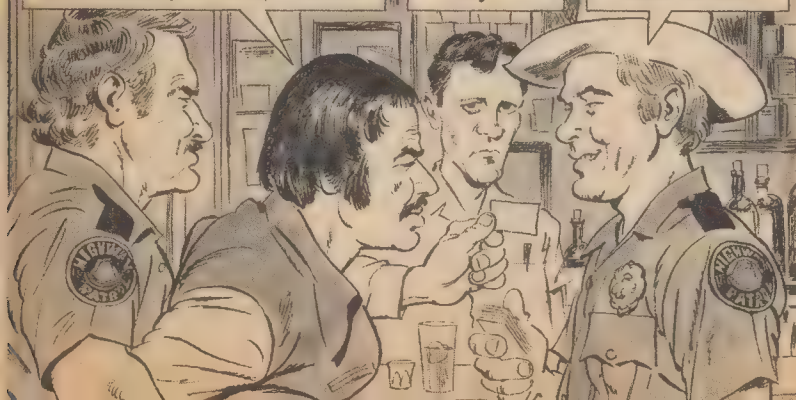
It says, "Go to Jail! Go directly to Jail! Do not pass Go! Do not collect \$200!" Y-you mean...?

Right! You are under arrest!

Welcome to Grapefruit State Prison, Mr. Crude! I'm Captain Clobber! I'm working you **over** because I don't like what you've been **doing** lately! It's made me mean and ornery!

You mean stealing an auto and assaulting an officer?

No, I mean appearing on the "Tonight Show," and bragging about your sex life!!



One more thing, Super Star! Warden Hazard is a Football Freak! He's gonna ask you to coach our Semi-Pro Team! What's your answer gonna be?

Gosh! Coaching Football? I think I'll say "Yes!"

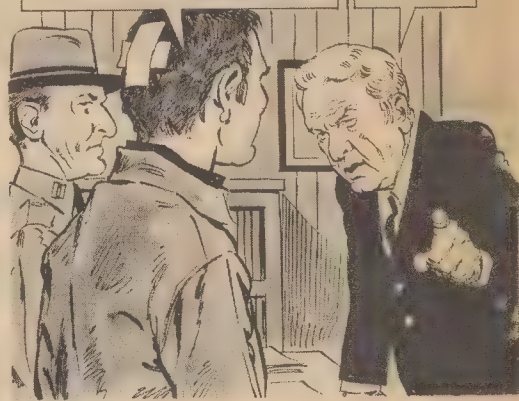


Come to think of it, I never cared much for Football! **CHES** has suddenly become my favorite sport!!



Mr. Crude, I am **NOT** a very likeable guy! Even margarine won't talk to me! But let me also add that I am an ardent Sports Fan! Would you like a ticket to the **BIG FIGHT**?

Sure! When is the big fight?



NOW!!! Unless you promise to coach my Football Team!!

Sorry! But I'll have to turn you down!

I want a National Championship, Mr. Crude! I—I **NEED** your support!

You can't **HAVE** my support, Warden!! I'm wearing it!!!!

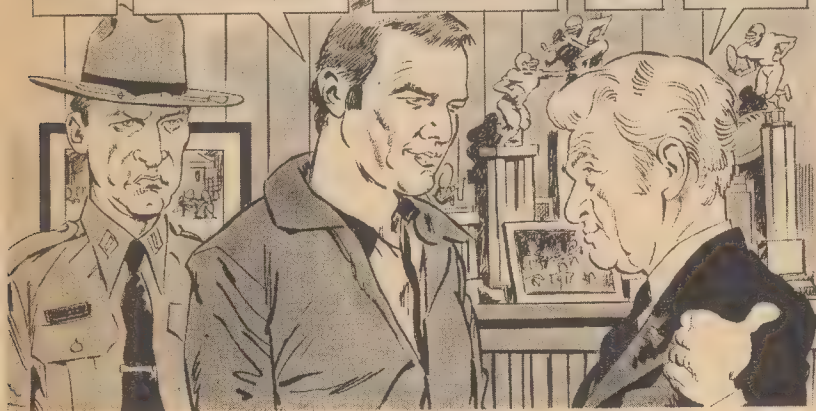
You're being very difficult!

Look... all I want is to do my time, make a few quips, and get out of here.

Okay! Maybe you'll change your mind after you've tried our program of rehabilitation!

Er—mine?

No... our **SWAMP's**!!



Hi, there! I guess we're—er—partners here in the swamp!

Better a swamp than a river! I remember how your "partners" ended up in "Deliverance"!

Hey, you! Super Star! There's no talking here in the swamp!

Yeah, Golden Boy! And you better try to "slosh" a little more quietly, too!



Gee, the PRISONERS really have it in for me!

And the PRISONERS aren't too thrilled with you, either! You're a—a **DISGRACE**!

I AM??? How come?

WE'RE only rapists and murderers! **YOU** once shaved points off a Football Game! That—that's—well, it's **UN-AMERICAN**!



Okay, let's drag them stumps, Super Star!

This ain't no Country Club, Lover! Move yer tail!

I can't take much more of this!

The hard labor getting to you?

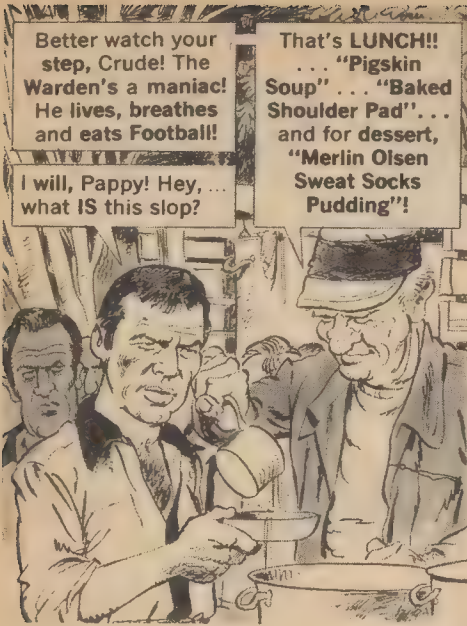
No... the terrible performances! Those—those Guards are... unbelievable!

What can you expect from ex-NFL stars who were hired as actors?!

But they're God-awful!

We know... but who's gonna **TELL** em? **You??**

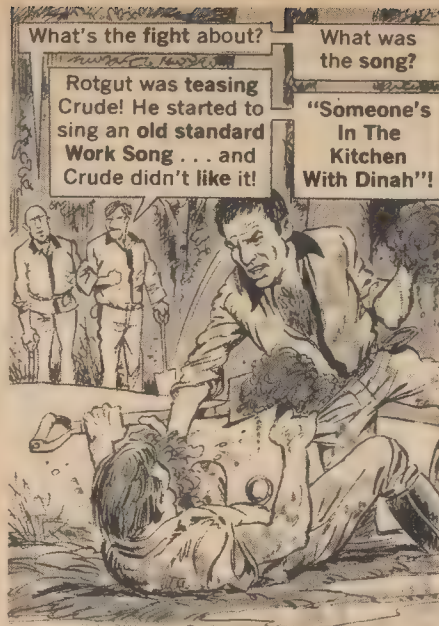




Better watch your step, Crude! The Warden's a maniac! He lives, breathes and eats Football!

I will, Pappy! Hey, ... what IS this slop?

That's LUNCH!! ... "Pigskin Soup" ... "Baked Shoulder Pad" ... and for dessert, "Merlin Olsen Sweat Socks Pudding"!



What's the fight about?

Rotgut was teasing Crude! He started to sing an old standard Work Song ... and Crude didn't like it!

What was the song?

"Someone's In The Kitchen With Dinah"!

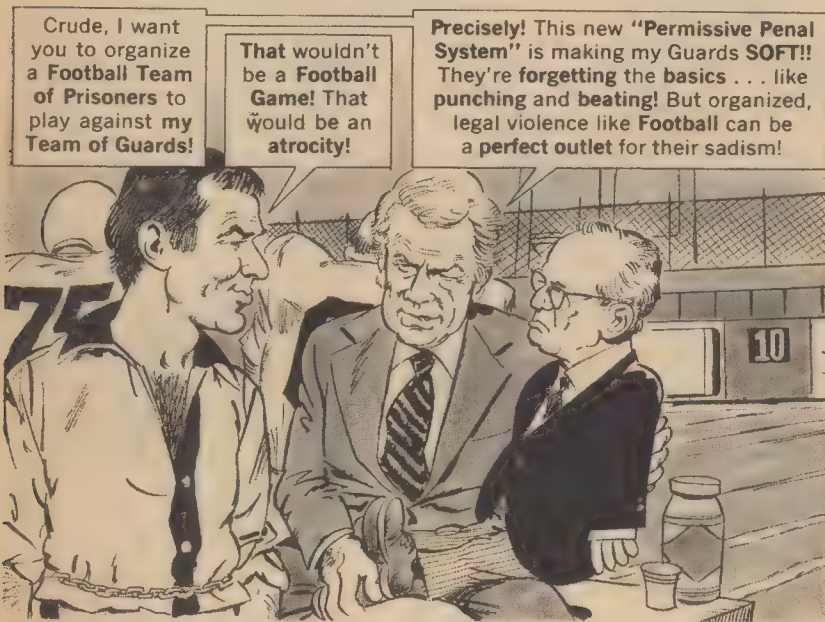


Whew!! I am pooped! I just want to get into bed and relax!!

That may not be possible! Some of the Prisoners are strange! They have nude centerfolds on the walls ...

So?! There's nothing wrong with that!

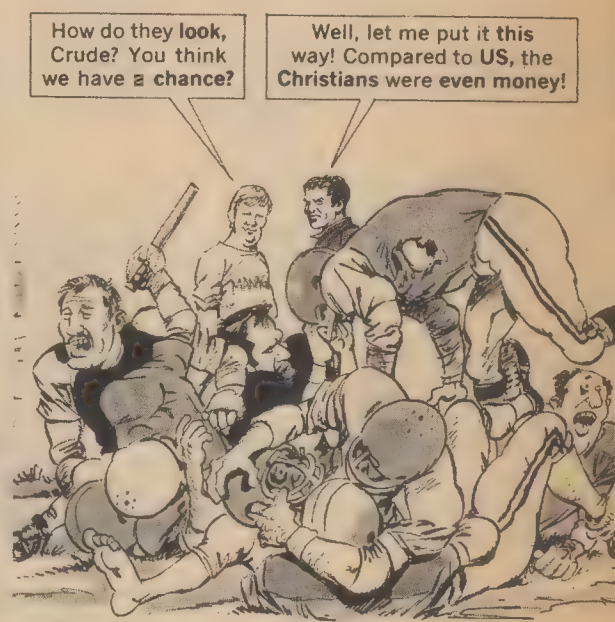
They're nude centerfolds of You!!



Crude, I want you to organize a Football Team of Prisoners to play against my Team of Guards!

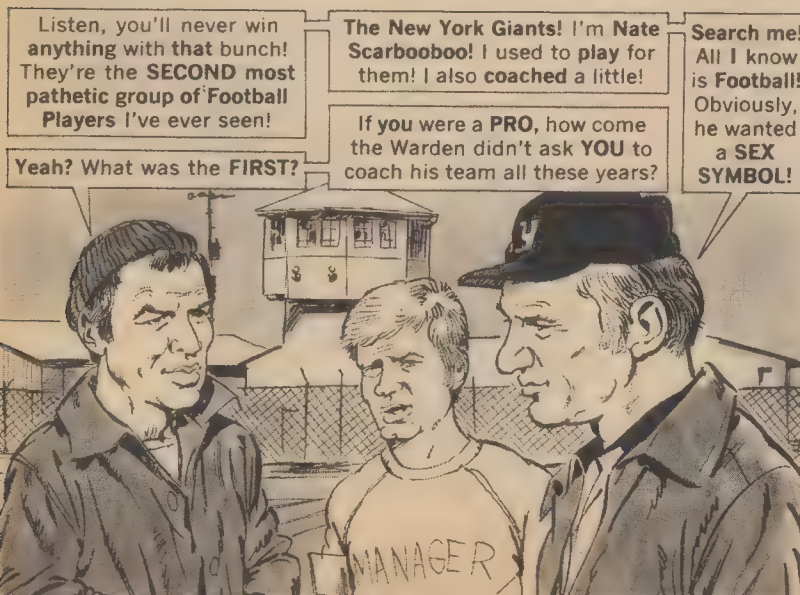
That wouldn't be a Football Game! That would be an atrocity!

Precisely! This new "Permissive Penal System" is making my Guards SOFT!! They're forgetting the basics ... like punching and beating! But organized, legal violence like Football can be a perfect outlet for their sadism!



How do they look, Crude? You think we have a chance?

Well, let me put it this way! Compared to US, the Christians were even money!



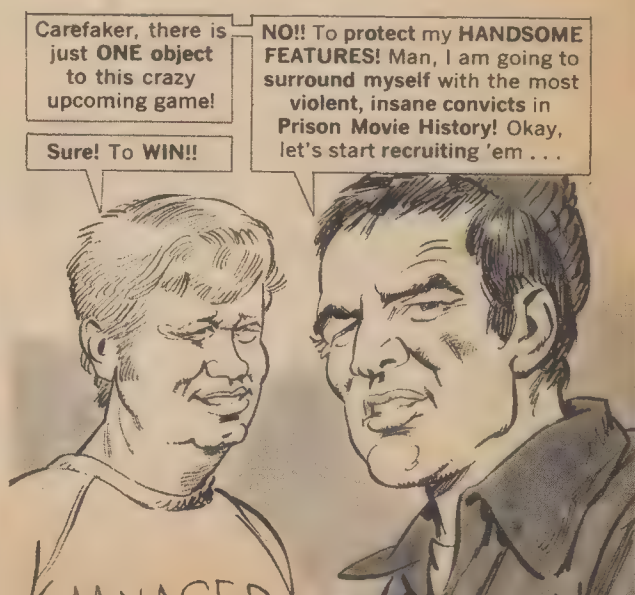
Listen, you'll never win anything with that bunch! They're the SECOND most pathetic group of Football Players I've ever seen!

Yeah? What was the FIRST?

The New York Giants! I'm Nate Scarbooboo! I used to play for them! I also coached a little!

If you were a PRO, how come the Warden didn't ask YOU to coach his team all these years?

Search me! All I know is Football! Obviously, he wanted a SEX SYMBOL!



Carefaker, there is just ONE object to this crazy upcoming game!

Sure! To WIN!!

NO!! To protect my HANDSOME FEATURES! Man, I am going to surround myself with the most violent, insane convicts in Prison Movie History! Okay, let's start recruiting 'em ...

This is "Maniac" Morris!

He hacked his Mother into several pieces with a meat cleaver!

What's he in for...?

Okay, sign him up! He's our Right End...!

This is "Tarzan" Finster!

He shot three women, stabbed two men and strangled a tractor!

What's HE in for...?

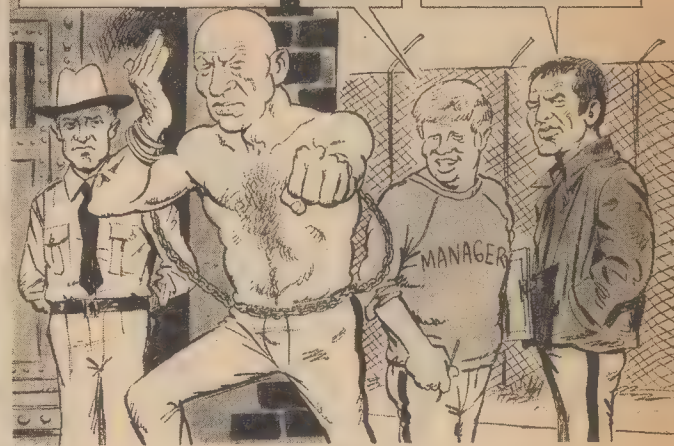
Okay, he looks good! He's our Right Tackle...!

This is Harry "Monster" Shtarka! He's the most violent one of 'em all! He's been in Solitary for the past six years! They just let him out!

Right Guard!!

Is that his position?

No, tell him to SPRAY some under his arms! Six years in Solitary can make a fella pretty tacky!!



Okay, Carefaker! In this drill, I want you to check the agility of each man! Hey, what's Tarz doing?

He's having a duel of wits with that tackling dummy!

Yeah... and he's losing!!!

They've got the strength and the agility! I'm worried about their intelligence! By the time they learn the plays, their sentences will be over!

What a crazy, warped bunch! You heard of the "Fearsome Foursome"? This is the "Deranged Dozen"!

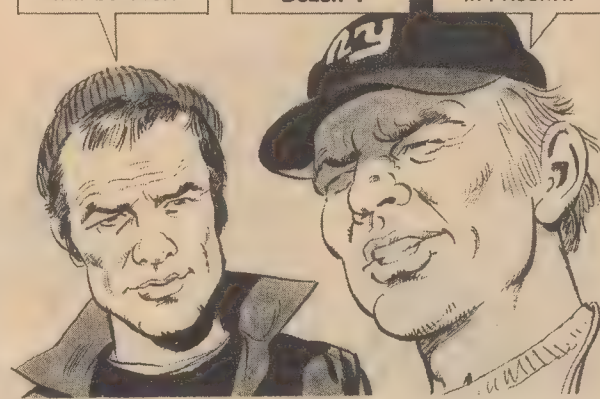
Dozen? There's only ELEVEN men on a Team!

I'm including myself! If I were "normal," would I be in Prison!?

C'mon, you guys! You've been holding out, and we need you to win! So how about joining our Team?

If we do join what do we get? Anything you want! Name it!

Jim Brown... to replace you in the leading role!



Okay! Now, we've stolen the X-rays and the medical reports and we know our opponent's areas of weakness and vulnerability, and we are going to PUNISH them in those areas by using brass knuckles and bandages dipped in plaster! Our two main plays are "Incidental Punishment After The Play Is Blown Dead" and "Kicking A Man In A Delicate Spot"...

Why are you doing all this, Crude?

I want to give you men some PRIDE and some DIGNITY... even if it's only for a few hours!

Hi! I came here for the game films!

Later! Right now, hurry up and get undressed! We only have 15 minutes!

Before the Warden comes?

No, before my hair explodes!

Gee! Making love inside a Prison! Isn't this just a bit unusual!

Between a man and a WOMAN it is!!



Man, if that Crude is our Quarterback, we are in big trouble!

How come . . . ?

He just threw the wreath into Carefaker's grave, and MISSED!!

Oh-oh!! Maybe he's shaving points at the funeral!

Okay, you men, I want a good, rugged game! I expect both the Guards AND you Prisoners to play your hardest! And, if the Guards win . . . they will get congratulations and glory!

And what if us Cons win! What will WE get . . . ?

An extra five to ten years!

Okay, guys! Here it is—Carefaker's final gift to you all—STOLEN UNIFORMS!!

Great!! Er . . . how do we know whose is whose?

Simple! The numbers each match your I.Q.'s!

And now . . . Ladies and Gentlemen, here comes "The Obscene Machine". . .

WIN, OBSCENE MACHINE! WIN!

YAAAYYYY!

HOORAY!

Will you listen to those cheers?!

Yeah! It's really hard to believe that a bunch of murderers, thieves and rapists are the "sentimental favorites"!

Remember years ago when G-Men, Cops and other Law Enforcers were the "Good Guys"?!?

How do you like that?! The game hasn't even started yet, and we're penalized twenty yards!

Really? How come . . . ?

During the Coin Toss, one of our players STOLE the coin!!

Okay, they're in a 3-2 Zone with the strong Safety deep and the Linebacker split left! It's a possible "blitz", but more likely a "red-dog"! To offset this very sophisticated defense, we'll use "Play Number Two!" Ready . . . GO!!

Here comes Bianco in with a play from the bench!

Okay, Bianco! What's the message...?

The break is at Midnight! Pass it...

Cut that dialogue out, Man! This isn't a CLICHE PRISON MOVIE!

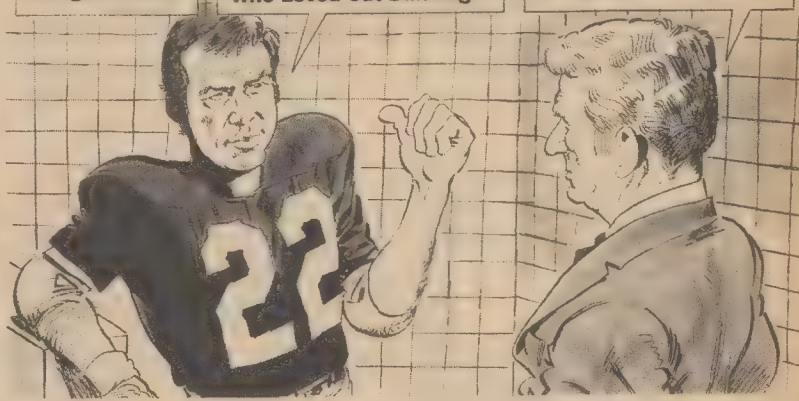
It's MORE than that!

Yeah! It's a CLICHE FOOTBALL MOVIE!!

Mr. Crude... the halftime score is embarrassingly close! Just what do you think you're doing out here?

Playing my heart out for the crowd! Do you realize there are more spectators jammed into those grandstands today than all the people who saw "The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing"!

Mr. Crude, you will now proceed to LOSE this game... by 21 points!! I don't like being made a fool of! I had EIGHT YEARS of that playing opposite Eva Gabor in "Green Acres"!



I can't do that, Warden! The men trust me! They're irrepressible rejects from society—loveable misfits who are counting on me to lead them to Victory... to give them one small moment of dignity and pride and—

You'll dump this game, Crude... or you're looking at 20 years of hard labor!

Come to think of it, what do I need with a bunch of cutthroats, goons and sadists! But if I DO shave points, Warden, you gotta protect my men from VIOLENCE!

From the Guards?

No, themselves—when they want to kill me!

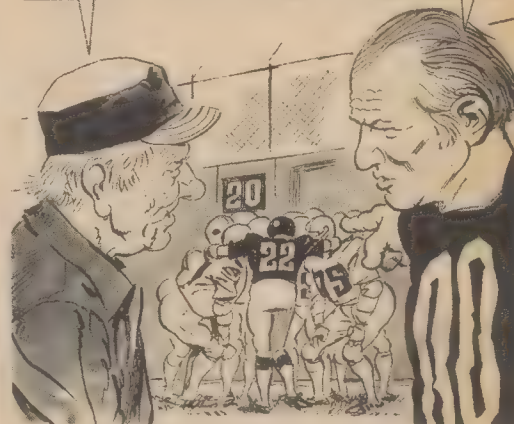
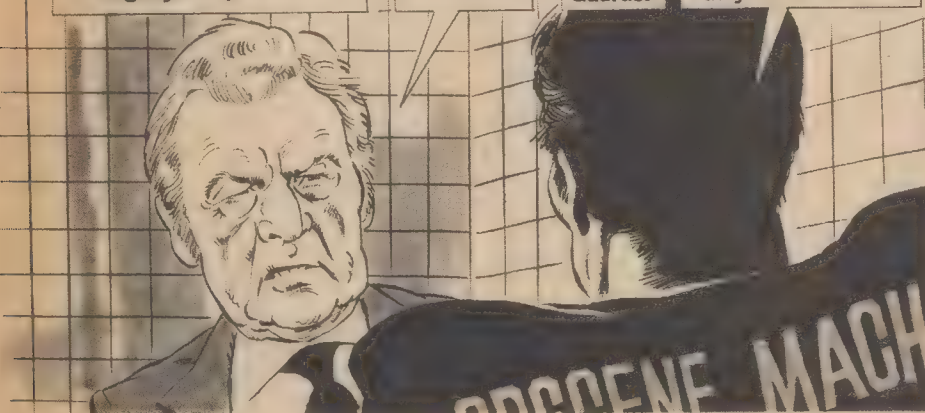
I think Crude sold us out!

Well, he's thrown seven straight interceptions, he's fumbled six times... and he's calling our plays from the huddle!

It's THEIR huddle he's calling them from!!

How can you tell?

What's wrong with that?



Looks like Crude is THROWING THE GAME!

So?! What are they gonna do to him... put him in Prison?! He IS in Prison!!

Our guys are gettin' KILLED out there, Crude! What kind of deal did you make?!!

Why, he double-crossed me! When I get through with him, he's gonna be the most humiliated Warden in the country!

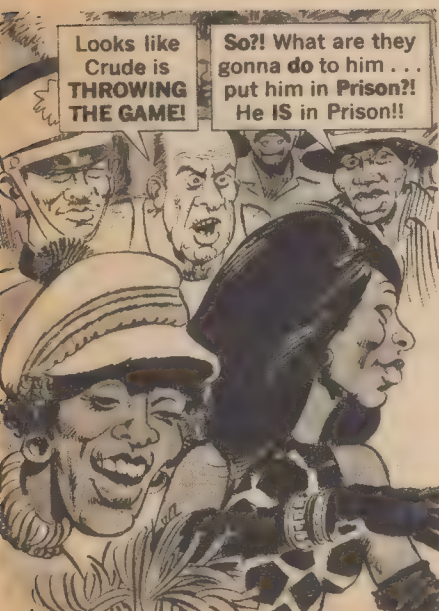
You gonna go out there and lead the Team in a spectacular comeback?!

Worse! I'm gonna use my Show Biz connections to make sure Johnny Cash never does a concert in this Prison!

Okay, now I'm ready to lead a spectacular comeback! I'll play until I redeem myself!!

There ain't enough time for that!

Yeah! Some of us are only "LIFERS"!





Anyway, we don't stand a chance with Bigdunce as their Middle Linebacker! He's really creaming us!

Okay! Before we start our touchdown drive let's amuse ourselves while the clock is ticking away precious seconds! Let Bigdunce come through! We'll form a "V" Formation!

Don't you mean a "T" Formation?!

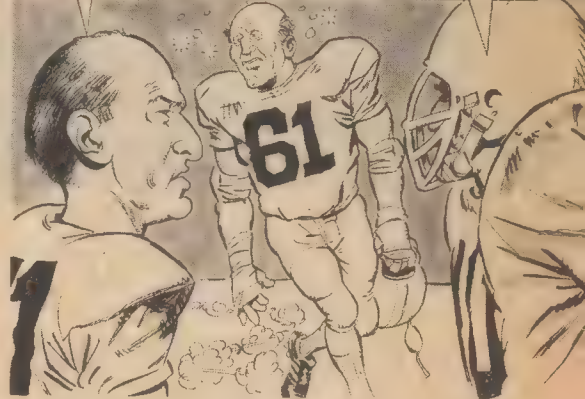
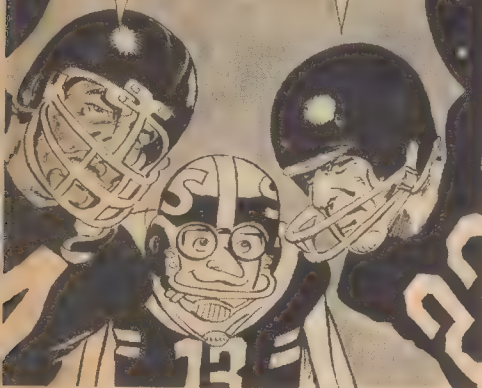
No, I mean a "V" Formation . . . for "VASECTOMY"!!

Hey, look! Bigdunce is GROGGY! He's been HIT!!

WHERE was he hit?

Let me put it this way! He started the game as a vicious Linebacker . . . he's leaving the field as a Pom-Pom Girl!

What a career! Ten years ago, he was "All-Pro"! Now, he's "All-Eunuch"!!



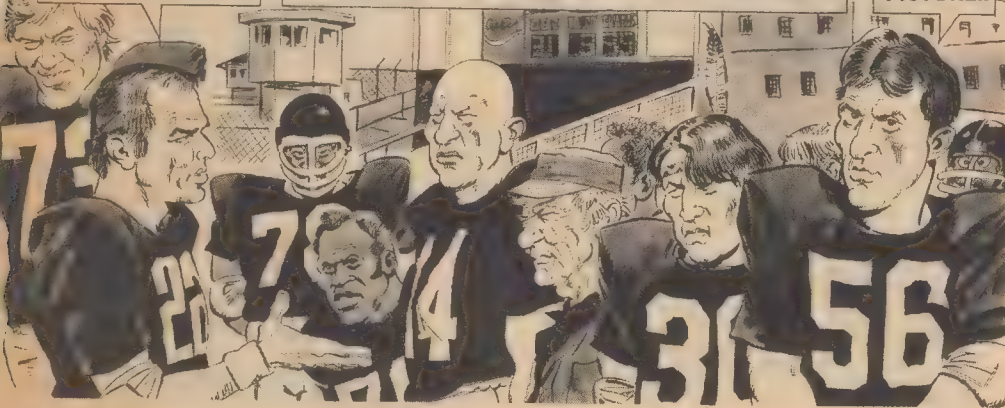
I've called you to the sidelines because Pat O'Brien isn't doing these movies any more! So I'm gonna make the speech that he would have made!

Fellow Teammates . . . Jocks . . . Sex Maniacs . . . and other lovers of Sports! We're four points behind, we're on the one yard line, and there are three seconds left! We've come too far to go back! So let's win this one for Carefaker, Scarbooboo and Groanville! I know you don't trust me because I once threw a game years ago—and I almost threw one today! But I'm begging! Let's win THIS ONE!

He can't break the habit! With that SPEECH, he just threw the PICTURE!!

You made it! You made it, Crude!!

Quick! Le'me up! I want to see the game films of this in the Warden's Secretary's Office . . .

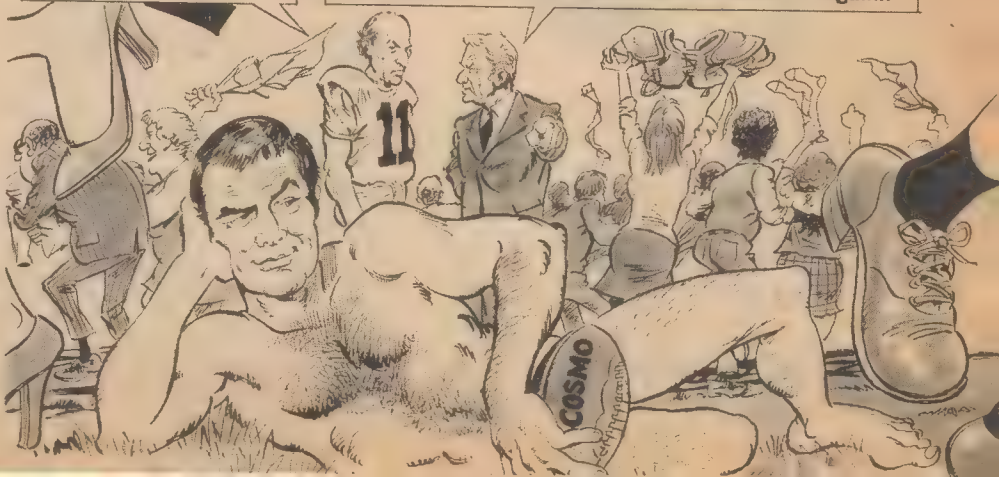


Well, Warden! We lost! There goes your Power Theory! And LOOK . . . they're mobbing Crude! He's a HERO!!

He's a NOTHING, Clobber! And he's going to have 20 years in solitary to relish this empty victory!

Well . . . at least he'll always be remembered as a really fabulous FOOTBALL PLAYER . . . !!

You're wrong, Clobber! I'm afraid . . . no matter WHAT that man does for the rest of his life . . . he'll always be remembered for only ONE THING! He can never erase his PAST! Look . . . it's come back to haunt him again!!



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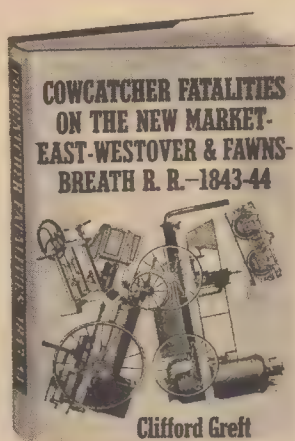
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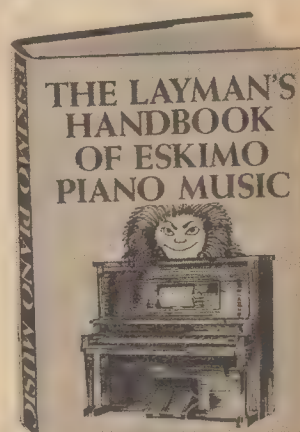
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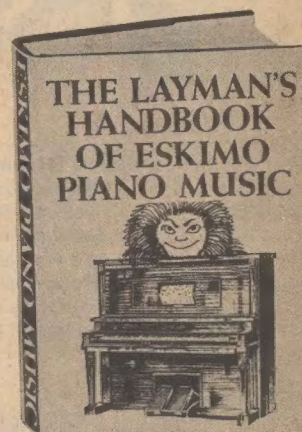
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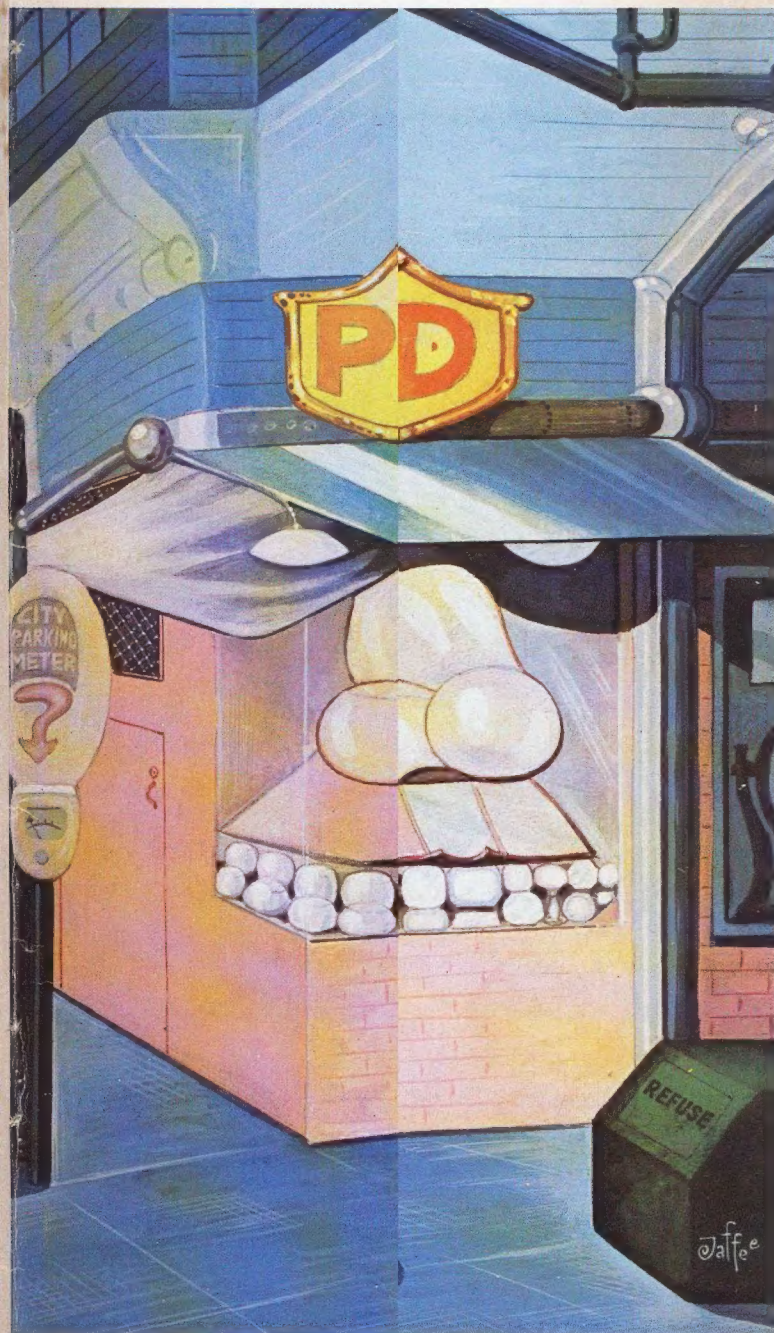
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